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Children's Newspaper, March 2, 1929

£460 for Scholars and Teachers—See Inside

The Children's Newspaper

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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A. E. H. AMONG THE AFRICANS

See Page Seven

SCENE OF 200 CENTURIES AGO

A FIGHT IN THE STONE AGE

Battle Between a Transvaal Man and a Buffalo

STRANGE FIGURES FROM THE PAST

The Father of all the Buffaloes was ruminating on the flat grazing lands of the Northern Transvaal. This, we should say, was about twenty thousand summers ago.

Something had not pleased the old gentleman. From time to time he sniffed the air with his broad wet nose, crossly shaking his shaggy broad head the while. It was a very broad head, 12 feet across from horn to horn.

It is of no use for anyone today to look for such another fierce giant. Bubalus Bainii, as he has been called, has long been extinct. It is only by his remains that we may know him.

But he certainly was there 20,000 years ago, for his bones have been found at Springbok Flats, 70 miles north of Pretoria; and there is authority for asserting that he may have been cross.

A Mighty Hunter

By the side of his skeleton are the bones and skull of a man. It was this intruder that the buffalo sniffed, resenting his presence. There was good reason for it. The two were mortal enemies. They fought and both were killed.

If Dr. Robert Broom, who has examined the remains, is right, this man was no pigmy ancestor of the South African bushmen. He was a mighty hunter, of or allied to the same race as those men who hunted the auroch, the wild buffalo of Europe, and had set eyes on the mammoth.

Dr. Broom was last year awarded the Royal Society's medal for his work on fossils in South Africa, and if he thinks that this big-limbed, big-skulled man lived at the same time as the Giant Buffalo, then we may believe that this fight to the death actually took place in the early Stone Age of the dim and distant past.

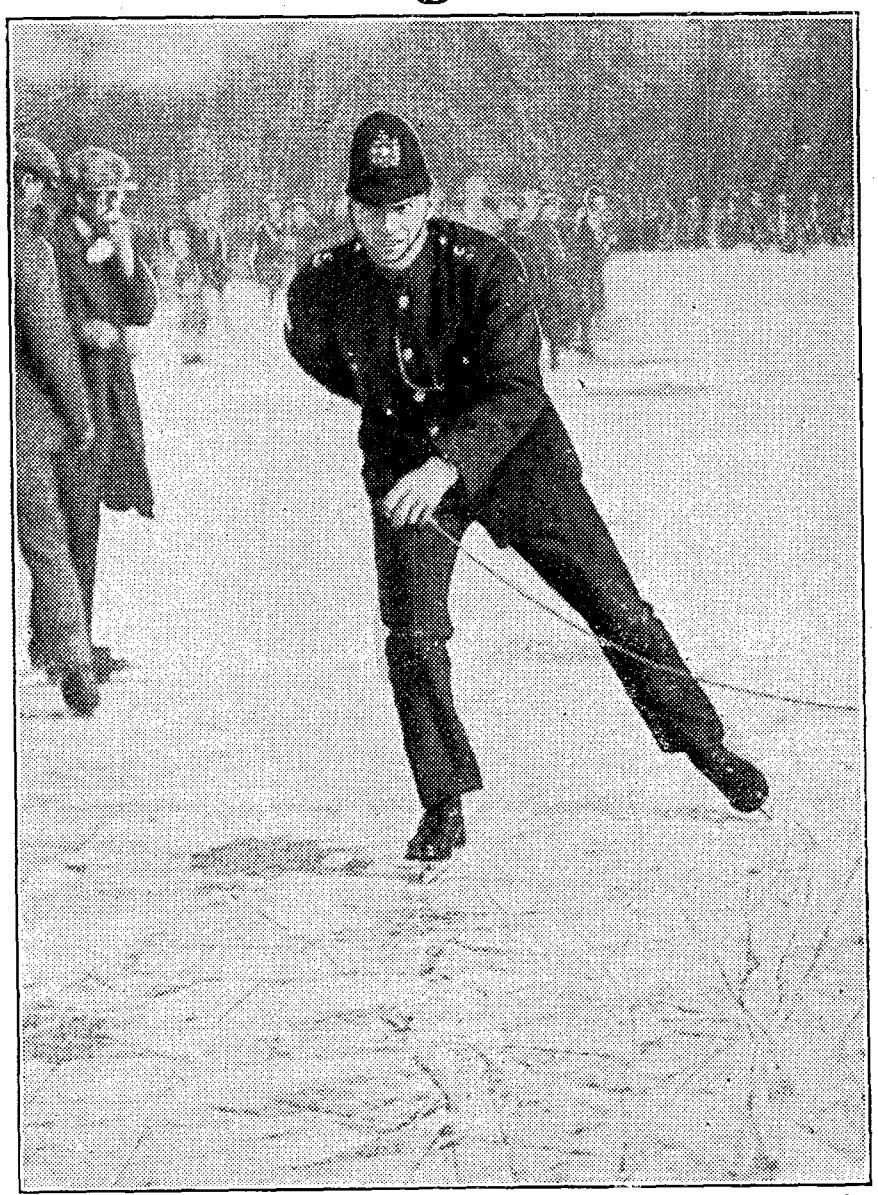
Called From His Secret Tomb

One curious reflection comes to mind as we read this story. Antelopes, zebras, wild asses, and elephants marched browsing over the grave of the man who had had the courage to encounter a monster buffalo.

And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

He died in an age which knew not iron nor bronze, but had only flints as weapons. A diamond drill, worked by elaborate machinery, calls him at last from his secret tomb, and lo, there is not his like among human kind remaining in the world, nor any animal resembling that with which he died.

The Skating Policeman



The English policeman is a very adaptable fellow, as this picture suggests. When the professional Ice Skating Championship was held on Lingay Fen, near Cambridge, this policeman on skates very effectively kept the course clear for the competitors.

LEVI MAKONNEN COMES TO TOWN

A most interesting visitor to London is Levi Makonnen, a tall, handsome boy of 16, who has come all the way from Abyssinia to go to school.

Levi belongs to a very ancient people, the Falashas, who claim direct descent from King Solomon. They are a tribe of Jews settled in Abyssinia since immemorial times, and they believe that their ancestors were sent by King Solomon to accompany the Queen of Sheba back to her country after she had paid the visit which forms such a romantic story in the Bible.

Like the rest of the inhabitants of Abyssinia, the Falashas are black, but more like Arabs than Negroes. And like the Abyssinian Christians they preserve all the traditions of ceremony and habit and conduct handed down to them from their forefathers. Their prayers are in Hebrew, and they eat only permitted meats. The men wear the *tsitsith*, the four-cornered, fringed undergarment of silk which all pious Jews wear, and which contains the Commandments sewn up in each corner.

It is not very many years since the outside world was quite ignorant of the existence of the Falashas. They were discovered, so to speak, by Dr. Faitlovitch, now head of an important school at Adis-Abeba, the capital of Abyssinia. In this school the young Falashas are taught to become useful citizens of the modern world.

Before Dr. Faitlovitch's discovery they existed as an ancient but humble and obscure tribe, wretchedly poor, and despised on account of their separateness. Yet they were proud of their traditions. And now the Falashas are holding up their heads again.

Levi Makonnen, who comes of a good family, hopes to become a teacher and missionary and help in the work of culture which has been begun among his people. He walked barefoot hundreds of miles to the school from which he has been sent to London.

WINTER'S HOLD ON EUROPE

THE EXTRAORDINARY WEATHER

People in the Train Who Heard the Howling of the Wolves

FROZEN THAMES

When February laid icy fingers on Great Britain everybody made light of it. The newspaper placard even made light of the householder's troubles with his pipes and called it Piping Cold.

A number of schools were closed on account of the cold, but the children did not mind that. They went skating and sliding on the ice.

On the Continent, which sent the Great Freeze over to the Western Isles in order to let them see what Europe had to put up with, the cold left no room for joking.

An Express Lost

It was so bitter that a railway lost a train. The Simplon Express to Constantinople was frozen in snowdrifts for ten days. It stuck in historic Thrace all that time. At night the passengers could hear the howling of the wolves.

It was a wolves' winter in many places in Europe. The gaunt grey beasts came stealing in toward Rome. In Rumania they spread terror in the Dobrudja. They attacked a sleighing party, and according to report devoured one of its members. There are other reports of ravenous wolves at Janina, near the mountains of Albania.

In Serbia foxes, deer, and hares became so tamed by hunger that in the villages where they came in search of food they were easily caught by hand

On Sea and River

Such cold as this might be expected in the wild exposed country of mid-Europe and the Balkans, but where it was felt more was in the cities. Even Paris was brought down nearly to zero: 28 Fahrenheit degrees of frost. In Berlin there were 65 degrees; in Vienna 58 the lowest temperature experienced for 150 years. Londoners thought themselves hardly treated by 20 degrees of frost; but suppose they had been in Berlin's plight!

The Zuyder Zee was as completely frozen as in any of the Dutch skating pictures at the Royal Academy. Rhine and Danube could be crossed on foot; ships were icebound in the Baltic. Cannes had snow on its tennis courts. Switzerland alone did not seem much the worse, because ice and snow are its natural and commercial assets.

Great blizzards swept over Devon, Somerset, and Wales, blocking the roads with snow, while snowploughs had to be used on railway lines in Scotland, and in one district herds of deer trooped down from the hills to seek for food. The Thames was frozen over from bank to bank in many places in the upper reaches. *Pictures on page 9*

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A VERY PRECIOUS SPOONFUL

TWO BITS OF RADIUM

The Mighty Power Imprisoned in a Block of Lead

TUBES OF HOPE

A saltspoonful of radium has reached the London Hospital. The new gift is about £25,000 worth of radium which two generous benefactors, unknown to each other and both unknown to the world, have presented almost simultaneously, half a gramme each. Radium, the most wonderful substance on Earth, will not change base metal into gold, nor will it confer lasting youth upon its possessor, as the long-sought prize of the alchemists was to do; but it is a cure for certain stages of cancer.

A Deadly Treasure

All our knowledge of radium and its effects is recent. The substance itself was unknown until 1898, although it is one of the elements of which the Earth and the Sun are composed. It proved a deadly treasure, for the rays it is continually giving off caused dreadful suffering and eventual death to the first people who began experiments with a view to probing its secrets.

Although it is ever throwing off rays with unexampled energy, radium lasts for thousands of years undiminished in strength and volume. The problem has been how to keep it from inflicting injury, and how to utilise the rays it is perpetually throwing out.

When the war ended, the Government transferred all its radium to the Research Council, which in turn transferred the treasure, just five grammes, to the Middlesex Hospital. There the mighty force, so minute in mass, so terrible in power, is imprisoned in the heart of a great block of lead, which is kept in a great safe, so that the radium shall not shoot its invisible rays into the flesh of doctors, nurses, and patients.

A Splendid Discovery

The storm of rays continued to pour forth in three special forms. There is the Alpha ray, which is weak and can hardly penetrate thick paper; there is the Beta ray, which is stronger and more penetrating; and there is the Gamma ray, which goes through most substances like a shot through a wooden partition. In an unending stream these rays all wasted themselves in space.

Four years ago the splendid discovery was made that the gas or emanations could be captured, and the Beta and Gamma rays devoted to the cure of disease. The emanation is called radon. It is purified in liquid air, condensed, and enclosed in tubes which the Middlesex Hospital has been generously supplying to hospitals and doctors.

The new store at London Hospital enormously increases the supply of these health-giving tubes of radon. Thousands of new cases will be treated and cured, and new life will seem to come out of the heart of the fortress of lead to sufferers who would otherwise have been doomed.

THE HOPE THAT FAILED

The C.N. much regrets to hear that the purchase of the Great Holme Mill, at Colne in Lancashire, by its workpeople has fallen through and that the mill has been closed down.

The allocation of one-fifth of the wages of the workers to the fund for purchasing and running the mill by the working shareholders is a form of thrift which the trade unions do not sanction.

It seems to us a very great pity that such a scheme should fail, carrying with its failure not only an increase of unemployment, but the stopping of an industrial experiment in ownership and an unwarranted restriction of thrift in a time when thrift and cooperative development are urgently needed.

UP FROM A SUBMARINE

Two Men Do a Wonderful Thing

RISKING THEIR LIVES TO TEST AN IDEA

Two men of the United States Navy came up to the surface off the Rhode Island coast, and were taken on board a waiting launch. They came from a sunken submarine.

These two officers, Chief Torpedoman Kolinski and Lieutenant Charles Mommsen, were pioneers as daring as the first airmen who leaped from their aeroplanes in safety parachutes. They had come up from the submarine S 4 which a year or more ago was sunk in a collision and lost all her crew of forty.

In a Steel Prison

On that tragic occasion the submarine sank and remained on the bottom, while all the resources of the U.S. Navy were brought in to lift her, and were applied in vain. Some of the imprisoned men could be heard signalling (by tapping the sides of the submarine in the Morse code) and hopes rose high that they might survive. They were stifled in their steel prison before it could be lifted.

The pioneers who came to the surface the other day were testing at the risk of their lives a device (like the safety parachute reversed) which might prevent this from happening again. As the first parachute men trusted their new device to bring them down from the clouds, these men trusted their new device to bring them up from the sea.

Special Head-Pieces

The submarine was again sunk in the sea-bed, as she was before, having previously been fitted with special hatches, or airlocks, which would enable a man to get out of her. The two adventurers took up positions in the conning-tower of the sunk submarine, and donned special head-pieces like divers' headdresses, with a supply of oxygen in them. Then they pushed their way through the trapdoor hatches. Would the pressure of water be too great? Would there be some unexpected catch in getting free?

Happily there was not. Both men shot safely to the surface. They tried again from another hatch in another part of the submarine.

Again they came safely to the surface. They had taken the first step in showing that there is a means of preventing the stifling of a submarine's crew when by some unforeseen accident this under-sea boat cannot get to the surface.

The new helmet has enough oxygen to keep a man alive for an hour and a half.

THE C.N. FLAG PUZZLE

£460 in Prizes for Scholars and Teachers

Great interest has been aroused by the C.N. puzzle of Flags and Countries of the World, and although this is the fourth week of the contest there is still time for readers to start solving the puzzle. Make sure that your C.N. this week contains the fourth of the series of six colour plates. If you have not seen the earlier copies ask your newsagent to obtain them for you.

Valuable prizes are offered: £400 for boys and girls, and £60 and ten sets of the Children's Encyclopedia for the teachers of prize-winners.

Full particulars of the contest and the prizes will be found on the colour-plate in this issue.

The plates should be kept until the sixth appears, when the address to which they are to be sent will be announced.

Make sure of your copy of the C.N. for the next two weeks by ordering it now.

A MAN WHO FORGOT HIMSELF

THE SHABBY OLD FIGURE OF THE EAST END

Father Wainwright and His Fine Work in Dockland

A SAINT AMONG THE POOR

In the past, so the books seem to say, saints were always tortured and killed. We do not kill saints today, but we often fail to recognise them till they are gone.

Hardly anyone outside his East End parish knew about Lincoln Stanhope Wainwright, who ministered at St. Peter's, London Docks, for 55 years. It is true that the King knew, and sent him a message on his jubilee, but then the King is in closer touch than most men with those who work to make the world better.

Father Wainwright was the shabbiest old man in the East End. His coat was green with age and hung loosely on his bent form. Brother clergymen would send him their old clothes, but he always knew someone who needed them more.

His Daily Mission

In broken boots and threadbare clothes, he was going about day and night to comfort the sick, to make two enemies friends again, to dissuade someone who was trembling on the verge of a fall, to protect little children from ill-tempered or drunken people, and even to force himself between fighting men.

By his ceaseless but gentle and loving vigilance he changed his parish from a cutthroat place, where policemen went about in twos, into a self-respecting working-class neighbourhood.

He had hardly time for meals. It is said that he worked 20 hours a day on a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread at eleven in the morning and supper at eleven at night. He had hardly time for sleep. Nearly every night he was sitting up with the sick in their homes or in hospital, and he opened the church soon after dawn.

Encounter With a Burglar

A constable tells how he once found him sitting on a doorstep.

"It's all right, constable," he said. "I've got to be at the hospital again in an hour's time, and I thought if I went home I might not wake up."

Once he came home to meet a burglar stealing away downstairs with his clock. Father Wainwright stopped him as he tried to escape, took him upstairs, gently reproved him, and sent him away with half-a-crown.

The Bishop of London said Father Wainwright's was the most uncomfortable room he had ever seen. It had a bed, a chair, a table, a crucifix, a bookcase. No carpet or curtain or other luxury was there. Father Wainwright wanted every penny for the poor. He never had a holiday. He never thought of himself at all.

Now he is gone, and people know he was a saint. Hundreds of weeping people came to that stark room to look their last at this little old man of 82, knowing that they would never see his like again.

LAST OF A GREAT HALL

A Memory of Black Famine

The Town Hall of Leyden, Rembrandt's birthplace, has been destroyed by fire, with many art treasures. The fire brigade were unable to quell the fire because the water was frozen.

The hall was a splendid example of the Dutch style at the end of the 16th century. Over one of the entrances was this inscription:

When black famine had brought to death nearly 6000 persons, then the Lord God repented of it and gave us bread again as much as we could wish.

OUT OF THE SHARK'S JAWS

A Very Brave Fellow of South Africa

SAVING A FRIEND FROM A MAN-EATER

It is not often that we may say of a man that he actually ventured into the jaws of death, but what better can be said of Andres Heyns of South Africa who rescued a fellow-swimmer from the teeth of a shark?

The Royal Humane Society awarded him its Stanhope Gold Medal for the bravest deed of the year. None hearing what Andres Heyns, the farmer of Mounthope, did will question the claim.

He was bathing with others at Little Brack Beach, Mossel Bay. There were children among the bathers as well as grown-up people, and there was a young student, no relative, but of the same name as Andres, who was swimming farther out.

One of the bathers suddenly noticed a dark shape in the water approaching the swimmer, and, guessing that it might be a shark, shouted a warning. The student turned his head, saw the fateful shadow also, and began to swim desperately to shore.

Dragged Out to Sea

It was too late. The bathers inshore saw the gleam of the shark's body as it turned in the water, and saw it seize poor Ockardus Heyns, and begin to drag him out to sea.

One horrified spectator rushed for a lifeline. Not so Andres Heyns the farmer. Regardless of any peril to himself he struck out straight to the rescue. He reached the blood-stained patch of water where the swimmer was sinking and round which the shark was circling.

In the face of this new adversary, and no doubt frightened by his approach, the shark sheered off. Andres Heyns was almost as exhausted as his unfortunate namesake, but somehow he got him into shallow water, and dragged him at last to shore.

We wish the happiest ending to this story were ours to tell; but the shark's cruel teeth had so mauled the youth it had attacked that he did not survive the day. The shark was afterwards caught. It was nearly 15 feet long and weighed three-quarters of a ton.

The man who, knowing by the evidence of his eyesight that the brute was a man-eater and yet swam out to beat it off, must be reckoned as cool and brave a hero as any of our time.

THINGS SAID

Heaven's light our guide.
Motto adopted by Portsmouth

I hope to have a shilling theatre.
Mr. Philip Ridgeway

No hunting allowed here.
Notice on a gate at Earl's Croome, Worcester

We do not know a millionth per cent of anything. *Thomas Alva Edison*

There was a man who offered £10,000 in notes to a policeman, who refused it.
Mr. Edgar Wallace

Will somebody please invent a saucer that stops my spoon from sliding beneath my cup? *Mr. J. L. Hodson*

Gloves and shoes are always made bigger for the right than for the left.
Dr. Bronte, pathologist

The power of the films is used with immense mechanical skill behind the brains of a rabbit. *Miss Lena Ashwell*

Railway stations should provide for trains on the ground floor, buses above, and aeroplanes on the roof.
Mr. M. F. Farrar

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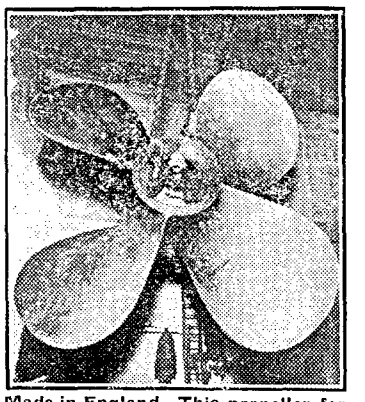
FIRST GOLF LESSON · IN SEARCH OF CAESAR'S GALLEYS · JUMPING BOAT



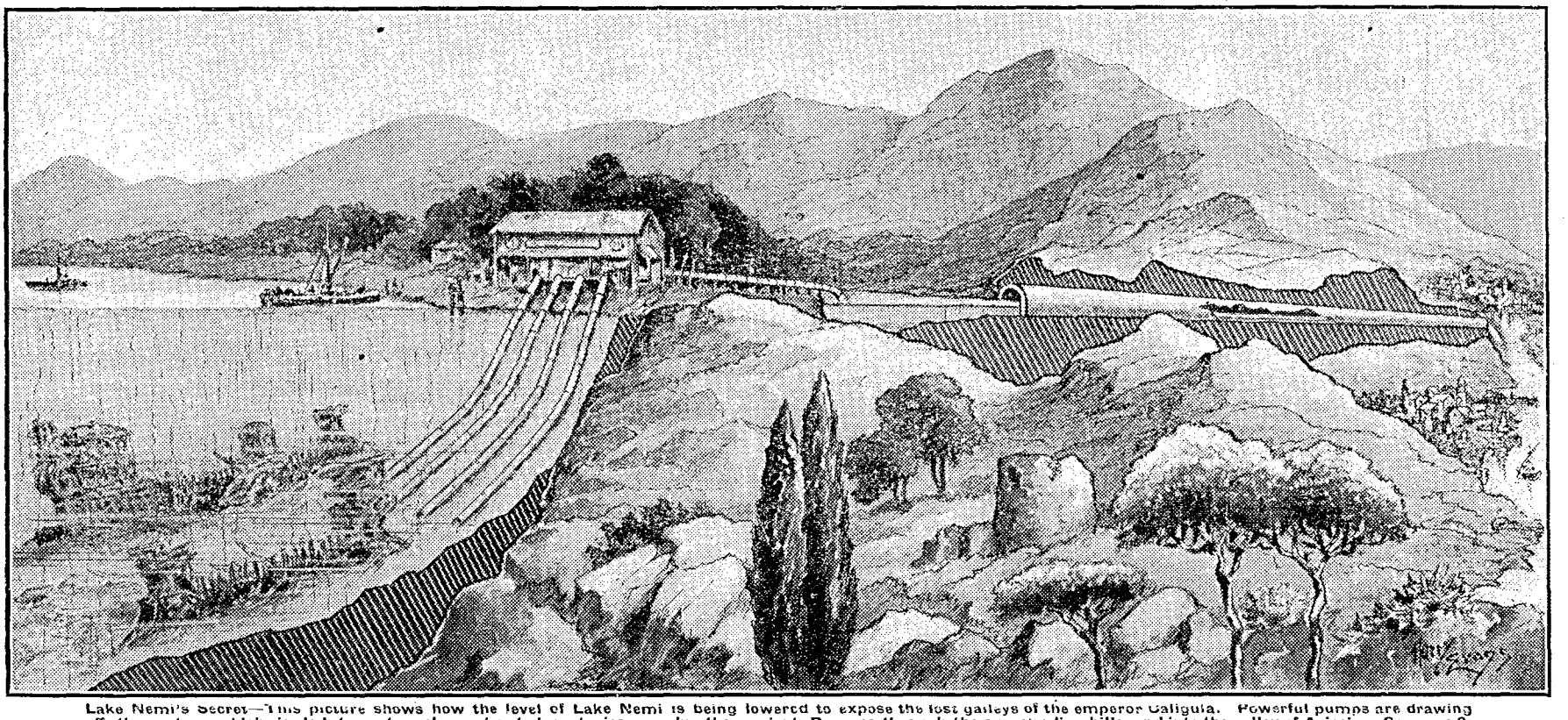
New Zoo Baby—One of the peccaries born recently at the London Zoo is here seen with its mother.



The First Golf Lesson—These little American boys and girls in Florida are having their first lesson in golf from the American Open Champion. They are beginning so young that they should be excellent players by the time they are big enough to use full-sized clubs.



Made in England—This propeller for a new German liner has been made in a Thames-side foundry.



Lake Nemi's Secret—This picture shows how the level of Lake Nemi is being lowered to expose the lost galleys of the emperor Caligula. Powerful pumps are drawing off the water, which is led to a tunnel constructed centuries ago by the ancient Romans through the surrounding hills, and into the valley of Ariccia. See page 8.



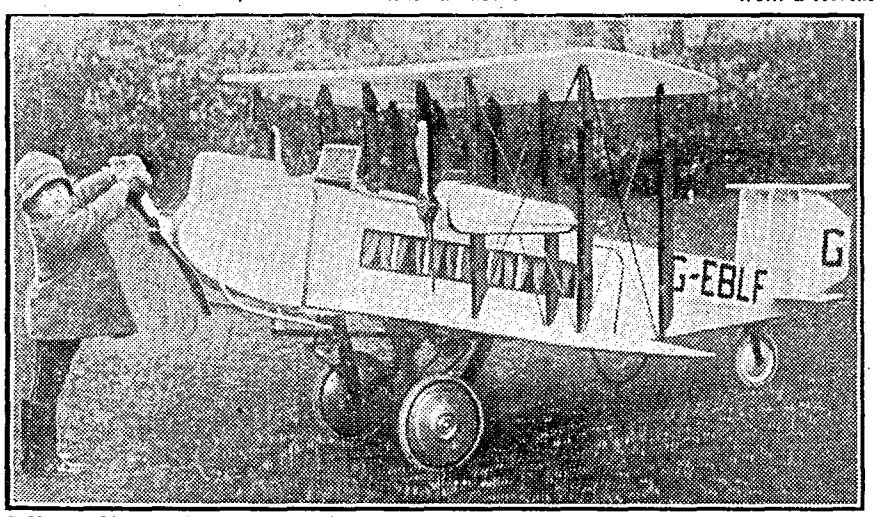
A Jumping Boat—In this remarkable picture a motor-boat is leaping out of the water of a lake during a regatta which was a feature of the local orange festival. The boat was first driven on to an inclined platform at 35 miles an hour.



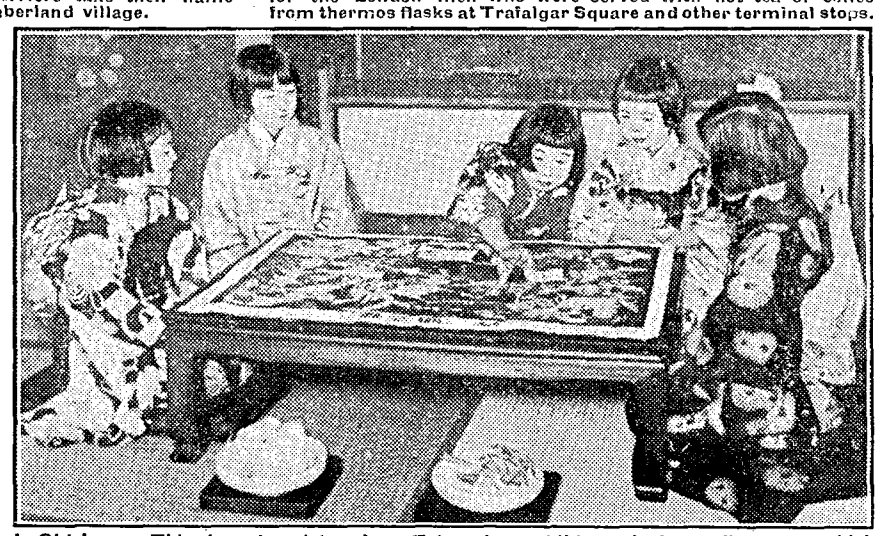
A Curious Dog—This creature, very sheeplike in appearance, is a Bedlington terrier seen at a London dog show. Bedlington terriers take their name from a Northumberland village.



Busmen's Hot Drinks—A busman's life is an uncomfortable one in very cold weather, but the journey's end was made more cheery for the London men who were served with hot tea or coffee from thermos flasks at Trafalgar Square and other terminal stops.



A Young Airman—The great ambition of many boys of today is to fly. This little fellow realises he is too young, but he is quite content to play at flying with his model of an Imperial Airways liner. It has two seats and is driven along the ground by pedals.



In Old Japan—This charming picture from Tokyo shows children playing a dice game which is a great favourite with Japanese children. It gives them as much amusement as it afforded the ladies of the ancient Japanese Court who played the game long ago.

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A SPRIG OF LAVENDER

Its Journey Across the World

FROM BURNHAM THORPE TO JARVIS BAY

A little plant of lavender has had a great adventure. Last June it was peacefully growing in the garden of Burnham Thorpe Rectory, where Nelson used to play when he was a boy.

Then an Australian arrived on the scene. Before he had left Australia on a visit to the Motherland his son, a cadet at the Royal Australian Naval College at Jarvis Bay, had begged him to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Lord Nelson.

On this golden day of June the rectory and church of Burnham Thorpe were surrounded by a sea of buttercups. Village boys were playing in a cricket match in the field next to the church, and the rector's wife was preparing tea for them as Nelson's mother might have done on such a day more than a century and a half ago.

The Old Garden

It was a great disappointment to the Australian to find that the actual house where Nelson lived had been pulled down long ago and a new rectory built in its place. But the old garden still exists, and the rector, realising how far his visitor had come, dug up a plant of lavender for him to take away as a souvenir of Burnham Thorpe.

For some months this little plant was taken care of in a sheltered place in England. Then, as the Australian was bound for another destination, he entrusted the lavender to the captain of a great liner, and it started on the long voyage to Australia. The captain kept it in his own cabin and watered it himself. Then, as the pot was unfortunately broken, he landed the little plant at Port Said and had it repotted by a gardener there.

It was so hot after leaving Port Said that it was kept on the bridge until Colombo was reached and the worst of the heat was over. There was not a passenger on board who did not take an interest in this souvenir of Nelson's garden, but alas! by the time Aden was reached it was more dead than alive.

The End of the Voyage

Difficulties lay ahead if it should survive. The captain was doubtful if he would be allowed to land a plant of lavender in Australia, because this sweet herb of English gardens might one day grow into a scourge—like the prickly pear or the rabbit!

The plant did survive, although it was very nearly dead when the long voyage was over. Luckily the captain was allowed to land it and he sent it straight to the delighted naval cadets at Jarvis Bay. We may be sure that if there was anything human hands could do it was done to save such a sweet and precious souvenir of their hero, for it may be (who knows?) a descendant of lavender that grew in the garden at Burnham Thorpe when Nelson was a boy.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY

The sum of £10,000 does not appear mighty in the national accounts.

Still, £10,000 is, as they say in the Midlands, a tidy figure. We should not like to lose it. But the Unemployment Insurance Fund did lose it. They paid that amount out by mistake.

On the other hand they got back £10,000 which they had paid out before in mistake. So the two sums balanced one another, and all was well.

Light come, light go.

News From the Fringe of Civilisation

CHRISTMAS DAY LETTER OF A LONELY LADY

The Poor Wild People Who Come Down From the Heart of a Continent

TRYING TO TEACH THEM SOMETHING OF THE WORLD

The letter which follows was written on Christmas Day from the Native Camp at Ooldea, on the fringe of civilisation in South Australia, where the writer, Mrs. Daisy M. Bates, is studying and mothering and trying to introduce to civilisation the bands of aboriginal people who reach the railway from time to time out of the central wastes.

I ENVY you today as much as I can envy anyone. You are within the sound of God's bells. You can sit in His house and worship shoulder to shoulder with your kind. All round and about you, I am sure, are happy children celebrating the Child's birthday and scattering and receiving love, but today I haven't a child to play with.

A Strange Christmas Dinner

Dham'binya and Jina'wili, her mother, came down to spend the day with me. They belong to the last mob that arrived here. I thought they would like some of their native food as a special treat, and so I went out in the heat (it is 98 degrees as I write) and found two long-tailed iguanas, a food of which they are specially fond. We cooked them on the ashes of my fire, and they enjoyed the iguanas as the turkey of their Christmas dinner.

Then I showed them My Magazine, which came yesterday, and I tried to explain the birthday of Jesus; but there is so much of our beautiful religion that is untranslatable.

I have tried to translate the Lord's Prayer, but in every dialect there is an absence of words and expressions that would give our meanings. For instance, I have never found words that would make comprehensible "Hallowed by Thy Name."

How the Natives Judge Us

The natives judge us as they see us, and our every hourly and daily action is read by them *from their own mental standpoint*. They are always watching. This concentrated watchfulness has grown with them. In their wild homes their life is one of constant watchfulness. They watch for food, for an enemy, for a sign on the ground, or in bush or tree. A branch or twig thrown across a track has its meaning for them, a bent bough, a rush placed on the ground—all these things, learned from childhood, have made them what we call wonderful trackers. And so when they get familiar with white people they single out their tracks; they find the number of persons in each house and the relationship of each, their habits and manners. Nothing escapes their notice.

In my camp they sit and rest and watch. They know all my ways, my outgoings and incomings, and all the difference in manner between me and other white women is gradually absorbed by them.

Elsewhere they are sometimes roughly treated and shouted at, are hunted or played with according to the temper or the whims of the moment. I receive them as I would receive you, or any gentle friend. At first they brought the loudness, rudeness, and noisiness they had so quickly absorbed from low whites, but I kept my temper and my tongue in control and waited for the paroxysm to pass. Then I quietly helped or fed them, and now the loudest-voiced and most savage of them come and speak as quietly to me as I speak to them.

It is lovely, a full reward, this change. When I see it I know that they know that there are two kinds of white women, and that may mean much to any woman who may take up my work when I have passed over. One must think of them, and love them, and bear with them as with children.

An Hour of Pleasure

A little while ago our Western Australian Governor, Sir William Campion, who was passing by rail some twenty miles away, asked me to meet him and Lady Campion, and, oh, what an hour of pleasure it was to meet them! I enjoyed every moment. Lady Campion said suddenly: "The grandchildren have been finding you out in the Children's Newspaper," and then we spoke of you and the C.N. and My Magazine, and the influence you spread.

They are both greatly liked in Western Australia, and the Labour Government there has requested the Home Government to extend his Excellency's term. We need the best of England—always the best—to represent the King here. And all our governors have been, and are, so much above party that every fresh appointment increases our love and loyalty to our King. All, of every class and kind, know the King's representatives to be men of the strictest honour and integrity and impartiality.

The King and the Empire

The King's illness saddens our thoughts, but he has the prayers of the Empire about him. We only know the loyalty and strength and unity of the Empire in crises like these.

I think of you in the midst of your multitudinous tasks, sending your book to a lonely woman in a lonely camp exactly 999 miles from Fremantle (and how many thousand miles from the world's capital, London?), and I wish for you many New Years to give happiness to many more thousands of the Empire's children.

WHY THE LION IS RED

MANY people have wondered why the creatures on tavern signs are painted in such odd colours.

A lion is tawny in real life, but on a signboard he is always red or blue. Boars, cows, and dolphins appear in the same flaming hues.

Mr. Lawrence Tanner says that we may find the answer in the library of Westminster Abbey. Here is a little volume, 700 years old, containing pictures of some very odd creatures indeed, and known as the Beasts Book.

It must be one of the oldest natural history books in the land, but many such books were made in medieval days, and to suit the love of colour then their pages had to be brilliant. When men wore crimson cloaks and purple gowns, and kings dined in halls hung with banners, and even tombs were gaily painted, who would have cared for a book of tawny lions and grey boars?

From these books, says Mr. Tanner, the creatures got on to tavern signs.

It is easy to imagine an artist of the fourteenth century feeling a little embarrassed when he was commissioned to paint a lion. He had never seen one, but he could not afford to refuse the work. Then perhaps he asked a brother painter, "What is a lion like? Is it anything like a bull?"

"I should say it was more like an otter," the other would reply. "But hold! There is a Book of Beasts at the Abbey. If you speak the monks fair, perhaps they will let you copy it."

With such a book of reference to rely on our artist had no hesitation in painting a lion red, and the innkeeper had no doubt that it was lifelike.

QUILTS

The Fashion that Died Out

WORK FOR WIVES OF MINERS

There was once a fashion for quilting in England, but rich people grew tired of it, and the art seemed to die out.

The other day when some ladies visited the homes of unemployed miners in Durham and Wales they found this pretty form of needlework still alive. For generations mothers had taught daughters how to work lovely patterns; if the rich people had tired of this sort of beauty the poor had not.

Then the ladies saw here a way out of misery. Wives and daughters of unemployed men should make lovely quilted bedspreads, cushions, and perambulator covers, and the Rural Industries Bureau should sell them.

The poor women were only too delighted to try, and in three months they had earned £450.

They say it is too good to be true, and soon the orders will stop, but influential people are doing all they can to spread the fashion. Quilts in satin, linen, and brocade appear in all the great houses.

So women sing in houses where once they sighed, as they work the wonderful feather pattern without any design sketched for them, trusting to their eyes. It is love of beauty which has saved them from poverty; if they had not kept quilting alive they would be destitute now.

It reminds us that knitted sports coats and jumpers were first introduced in order to give work to some poor village women, and were worn by a few Society leaders until they became a fixed fashion. After all, fashion can be a useful thing.

NATHAN THE WISE

Bringing Back Peace to Palestine

Mr. Nathan Straus, the man who has done such wonderful things for New York, has lately given a fresh example of that kindness of heart and breadth of mind which has earned for him the title of Nathan the Wise.

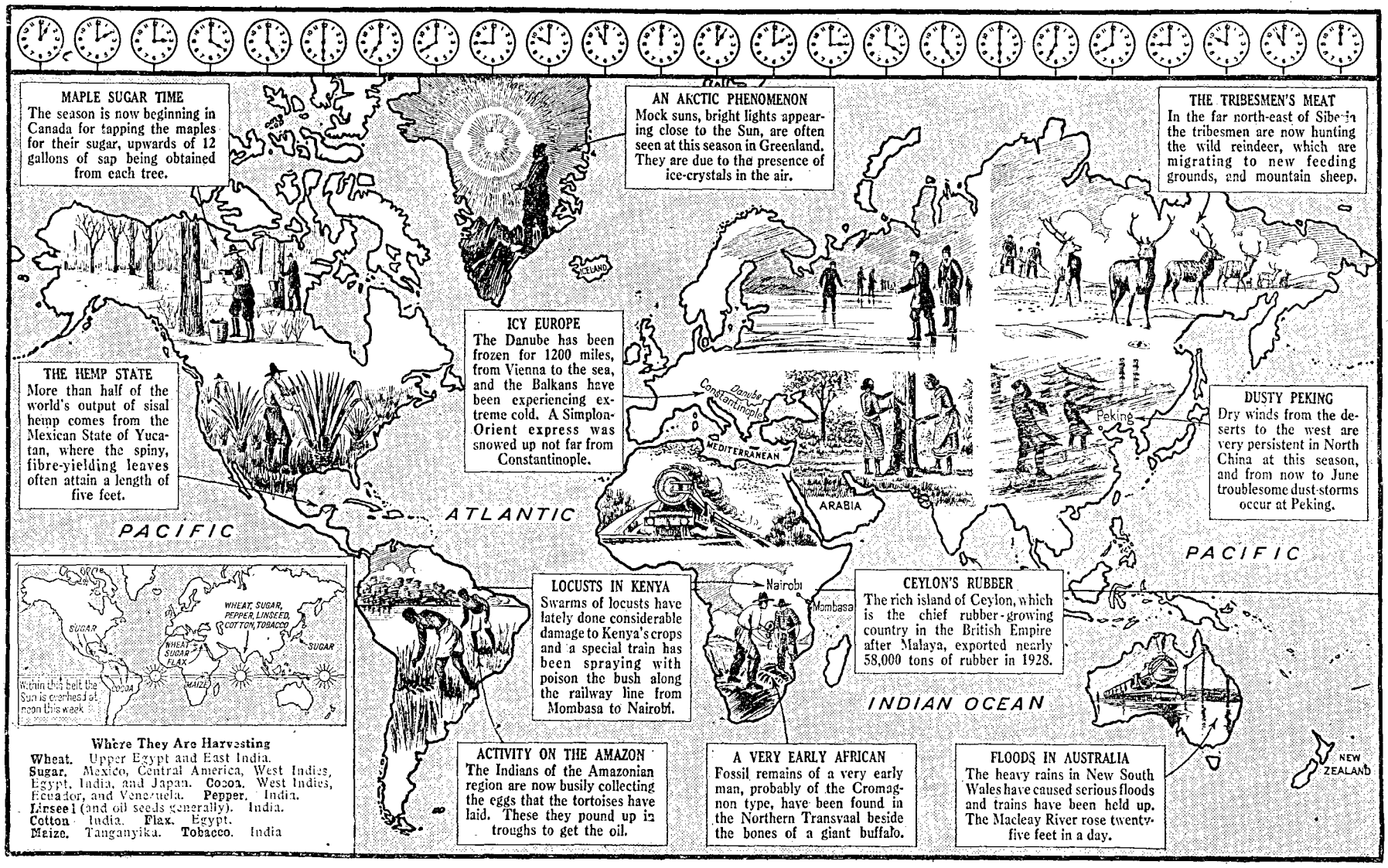
It will be remembered that Mr. Straus, who is now a very old man, achieved early fame by providing a free milk supply for the poor children of New York. That was many years ago. His latest achievement is the building of a new Health Centre in Jerusalem. Although he is a religious Jew he called upon a Christian clergyman, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, to dedicate it.

Mr. Straus has never permitted any of his benefactions to be narrowed by religious restrictions. His Health Centre in Jerusalem was planned to meet the needs of all the people of Palestine: Syrians, Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Orthodox Christians, Catholics, Protestants, and Mohammedans, as well as Jews. And he asked Mr. Holmes to dedicate the Centre because "Dr. Holmes, of all the liberal ministers, can best strike the universal note of brotherhood and peace fitting the occasion."

This is the spirit which will bring peace to Palestine, where there is still too much strife and faction; and it reminds us of the will of a Canadian gentleman who died recently. Himself a Christian, he left a large part of his estate to be divided equally between the Roman Catholic churches, the Synagogues, and the Salvation Army centres of his city, for (said he) so long as they serve the universal cause of kindliness and brotherhood it matters little under what title they do their work.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE BALLOON THAT LOST ITS WAY

The Riders on the Storm

Aberdeenshire had a surprise just before St. Valentine's Day.

A balloon with three Germans in its basket crashed among the trees at the top of the hills near Lumphannan, and tore up a tree by the roots in the storm.

The balloonists, one of whom was a dentist and another a farmer, had gone up near Leipzig the day before and been whirled by the icy, easterly gale 800 miles in 18 hours.

Right over the Harz Mountains they had been carried by the blast, and when they tried to descend they found the ripping cord and the valve had jammed.

Eight hours they bore eastward over the North Sea, and at two o'clock in the morning they drove over the grey granite city of Aberdeen.

After that, with gas escaping, they bumped heavily several times, and at last were hurled into a tree.

The Home Office has now sent these unwilling emigrants home, and they are reflecting that February is a bad month for ballooning.

GRANDPAPA

To most of us grandpapa is a grey-haired gentleman who still plays a good game of golf, or digs and plants his garden with the best of them. It is amazing to think that someone is living whose grandpapa fought at Trafalgar.

The lady who can make this boast is Miss Mary Perry, of Wimbledon, who has recently had her hundredth birthday. She was, of course, born 24 years after grandpapa burst out cheering at Nelson's immortal signal. So closely linked are we with 1805.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Ariccia Ah-**ree**-chah
Caligula Kah-**lig**-u-lah
Gemini **Jem**-e-ny
Yucatan Yoo-kah-**tahn**

500 WHALES MAKE A CALL

A School in Lerwick Bay

Once again the whales have come into the public eye, this time at Lerwick Harbour, where a school of English pilot whales entered the bay, seemingly on a school holiday.

They came in numbers estimated at 500, and most happily they avoided the disasters which in successive years at Dornoch in Scotland and at Kommitje Bay in South Africa befell the false-killer whales.

The whales at Lerwick came close inshore, and after swimming along both sides of the harbour assembled as a mass meeting in the deep water in the middle.

Lerwick people accepted the visit in the same holiday spirit. Hundreds went out in motor-launches to get a closer view of the visitors, who were so densely packed that they jostled one another when they dived.

The whales squealed and leaped like noisy schoolboys playing leap-frog, and, after giving a memorable exhibition, steamed away, blowing vapour from their noses, following one large whale which seemed to act as their monitor.

BROADCASTING A SITUATION

When the League of Nations required a new chief statistician for its Labour Office it resolved that all the nations of the world should have an equal chance.

It told all the nations, great and small.

The Polish Government, not to be outdone, and deciding that no statistician should be forgotten or left out if he were worthy, broadcast the news.

Others followed suit. Over the wireless the joyful news rang out. It reached Australia, where one energetic statistician wirelessed an application in 300 words in return.

Altogether there were 76 applications from 22 different countries—almost as many entries as for the Davis Cup.

GEARS MADE EASY

A Great Idea for the Car

Most motorists will remember with a smile their early days as drivers, and the struggles they had when they were changing gear.

Several devices have been perfected which make gear-changing easy for the novice, but the reason these have not won widespread popularity has been the expense of fitting them. Now there is a new system which can be fitted to most makes of car at a cost of about two pounds. It consists of a coupling between the transmission shaft and the driving shaft which enables the gears to engage quite smoothly as soon as the speeds of the two shafts are equal. The coupling also acts as a free-wheel, so that a car fitted with it can run under its own momentum on favourable stretches of road.

If the Synchronostat Coupling, as it is called, does all that is claimed for it the greatest obstacle in the path of the young driver will have been removed.

JOHN OF LIECHTENSTEIN

John II, Prince of Liechtenstein, who ruled that tiny kingdom with justice, kindliness, and mercy for seventy years, has been gathered to his fathers.

A little kingdom is Liechtenstein, and it has no more than 11,000 subjects, but John II must have been in his modest way a great prince, for out of the wreck of all the kingdoms of mid-Europe his throne alone stood untouched by the turmoil.

Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, those proud monarchies, disappeared. Little Liechtenstein remained the only surviving monarchy amid the fall of the giants.

The reason was that his people, who knew his boundless generosity, loved old John II, and would never stir a finger to disturb his declining years.

SALVATION ARMY'S NEW CHIEF

General Higgins

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PHILANTHROPIC WORK

A very unhappy quarrel in the Salvation Army has ended in the best possible way.

Owing to the long illness of General Bramwell Booth it had been felt that he should give up active control of the Army in favour of a younger man, and the High Council of the Army, gathered from all parts of the world, has been meeting during the last few weeks to choose a new General.

The result has been that General Booth, son of the famous founder of the Army, gives up his active responsibility for the control of the Army while keeping his title; his place is taken by Commissioner Higgins, who has for ten years been his chief lieutenant.

General Edward J. Higgins, C.B.E., is 64. He and his father gave up a good business at Reading to interest themselves in the Salvation Army at a time when the Army was much despised. For about thirty years now he has been one of the chief figures in the Army and one of its inspiring forces. He has travelled in many parts of the world, and is respected in all countries as a man of great moral power and enthusiasm.

Friends of the Army all over the world will be delighted that the future of its splendid work is to be shaped by such a man, and it is hoped that the work of the Army will grow from more to more. As a philanthropic institution it has no equal, and its social and religious influence among the very poor has been one of the remarkable facts of our time.

WONDERFUL PARLIAMENT

These enactments for local government are remarkable. No layman can understand them. It is wonderful how local government is carried on at all.

Mr. Justice McCardie

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
MARCH 2 ❁ ❁ 1929

Give Them Work

THE group of Walsall workers who were living workless on public money and asked the Town Council to give them work to do for what they received had increased from 21 to 72 when we last heard of them, and the Council has replied that what they ask cannot be given.

We do not blame the Council for their reply. The power of councils to engage in enterprises costing money is limited. They have to submit their plans for sanction to a Government Department which keeps its eye upon them.

Nor do we blame the Walsall claimants for work. Far from it. They have raised the most pressing public question of the hour by going straight to its centre.

Everyone admits that the genuine workers of our country must be sustained and kept in health, regardless of the chances of work, and that the principle of providing work for a living wage is the soundest of all methods. But when and where has that method ever been tried on a national scale?

Do we not need a broad national conception of public works of lasting benefit, planned broadly by the Government, and carried out in sympathy with local authorities, in forms varied according to local needs? When the continued efficiency of nearly a million workers and the comforts of nearly a million families are at stake the problem is big enough to rank as a first call on the nation's statesmanship, business ability, and moral force.

Ought not the nation to make a complete survey and schedule all forms of possible work in every district, such work as could be planned in sections, to be proceeded with when the ordinary work of the district slackens, and slowed down when the processes of ordinary business revive and need more labour?

Such a survey of useful work as a permanent reserve has never been made on a national scale by the type of master-mind which initiates great business enterprises. The consequence is that urgent work remains undone while the men who might do it rust in idleness, though they would far rather be employed and earning the poor living now doled out to them.

The Walsall workers deserve well of their country by putting forward their demand for work. It is on needed work that the whole question of justice to the worker depends, and the nation should insist on the Government finding a reserve of work for emergency times. We are quite sure that a few men like Lord Melchett or Mr. Selfridge would settle this matter if they were given the power.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Bang Goes Sixpence

IN London, we read the other day, it is impossible to move about with such precision that a few minutes' grace is not required.

We proved it true the other day, while our taxi went up sixpence as we stood waiting to cross the Strand.

❁

Three Adjectives

IT is not yet too late for parties, and one of the best games of the season is to describe somebody in the room by three adjectives. The others have to guess who is meant, and all embarrassing personalities must be forgiven.

Talking of three adjectives, that was a charming description in a reference given at a registry office the other day of a mother's help as "Tender, loyal, and efficient," and we remember Mussolini's wish for the Italian people this year that they may be "silent, tenacious, proud."

❁

Bethnal Green Beats London

WE do not know whether to be encouraged or discouraged by a fact we have just discovered.

The number of people visiting Bethnal Green Museum last year was nearly 100,000 more than the number visiting the London Museum.

We are sure Bethnal Green Museum is an excellent place to see, and we congratulate its people on giving it a daily audience which would make a kinema prosperous. But what are we to say to London, which, with one of the noblest houses in the capital at its service, filled with wonderful things, allows Bethnal Green to beat it?

We have just spent another five minutes in the London Museum. The first things we saw were the silk cap Charles Stuart wore on the scaffold and the gloves he gave to his friend. The last thing we saw was a marvellous clock showing time in many lands. Even if such things were nothing, none of us is quite a good Londoner unless he has walked up the staircase of Lancaster House.

❁

Our Old Nobility

THERE is an old motto, *Noblesse Oblige*, which the Dean of St. Paul's has been putting in a new way. This is what he has just been saying at Oxford:

I would make a law that in every generation a peerage should lose one grade, unless the peer did something to raise himself. Thus the son of a duke would become a marquess, his grandson an earl, and so on. It would take six generations to extinguish a dukedom, and that would be a great stimulus to ambition.

Those who claim nobility are obliged to be noble, but most of us have seen sad fallings from grace. It seems worth while to ask if Dean Inge's law would not be well worth trying.

Latest News From the Stadium

MUCH inspiration came from the Stadium at Wembley in its great days. News is coming still.

The latest item is that while dog racing at the Stadium was expected to produce a profit of £4000 a week the actual profit has been only £4000 in a *year!*

Peter Puck understands that the shareholders will now do the running.

❁

Tip-Cat

UNBREAKABLE dolls are as popular as ever. Even their popularity remains unbroken.

⊡

YOU can see strange sights in London. They are usually only up for the day.

⊡

THE first necessity is for a man to be human. Otherwise he is not a man.

⊡

THE writer who declares he can forgive anybody who makes him laugh will not find many who forgive him for laughing at them.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If footballers wear cup ties

⊡

SEWAGE or salmon? asks a letter in The Times. We prefer salmon.

⊡

THEY say we get more interest out of life as we grow older. Perhaps because by then we have invested more capital.

⊡

AN M.P. regrets that history is not a record of progress. Yet there is always something going on in it.

⊡

SOME men turn out different when you know them. Then you turn them out.

⊡

OUR future, according to one of the dailies, is in the air. So it is all up with us.

❁

How to be Happy

If a happy life you'd live,
Learn the proper way to give,
For the happiest person living
Is the man who joys in giving.
Give your heart beside your gold,
Give your strength to help the old,
Give your comfort, give your smile,
Give your soul to work worth while,
Give your coat, your bed, your cup,
Give your all—but don't give up.

Country Girl

❁

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A MONTREAL citizen has sent £8000 to the hospital of the Isle of Lewis.

SEVENTY out-of-work miners from Wales have been engaged by the Office of Works to smarten up Regent's Park.

£50,000 has been given to the Royal Free Hospital by Mr. Albert Levy, its treasurer.

She is Coming

The C.N. was born with the Spring ten years ago

SHE has started on her journey,
I can feel it in my veins;
We shall hear her footsteps mingle
With the sound of silver rains;
From a land of golden mountain
Running down to azure bay
She has turned her face to England,
She has started on her way.

SHE had orange grove and olive
In the kingdom of the South,
She had palm tree and mimosa,
She had roses like her mouth;
But her heart was sick for England,
For the greenness of a lane,
And she thought upon the bluebells
And she could not rest again.

O THE skies are grey as sorrow,
And the fields are brown and dead,
Yet the birds have heard her coming,
They are babbling overhead;
And the clouds will melt in azure
And the hawthorn break in foam
And the banks be starred with primrose
For the Spring is coming home.

❁

Saint of All Good Builders

IT seems very odd, very odd indeed, that Saint Thomas should be patron saint of architects and builders. Those builders who are ruining England can have no conscience, and what use is a saint to a man without a conscience?

There is a pretty old fable concerning Thomas. Gondoforus, King of the Indies, said to him:

"Build me a palace more magnificent than the Roman Emperor's. Here is great treasure of gold and silver. Let it be ready when I return."

"O, King, it shall be done!" said Thomas, but when the king returned he found that Thomas had given all the money to the sick and poor. Then Gondoforus said that Thomas should die by slow torture.

Before the executioners began their horrible work, however, a strange thing happened. The king's brother had a dream, and said "I have been in Paradise. Angels led me to a glorious mansion built of silver and precious stones, and they said *Behold the palace Thomas has built for Gondoforus.*"

On hearing this the king ran to unlock the saint's dungeon himself, and after that spent all his wealth in doing good.

A pity, is it not, that Saint Thomas has less influence over Mr. Jerry-builder than he had over King Gondoforus. Yet we are glad that good Saint Thomas should be the saint of all good builders.

❁

Great Deeds

Great deeds cannot die:
They with the Sun and Moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.

Tennyson

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A. E. H.

WHAT HE DID FOR AFRICA'S HUMBLE FOLK

Guide, Counsellor, and Friend Among the Natives

A CHAPTER OF GOODWILL

A short time ago the C.N. printed an account of Neighbours Limited, a group of rich young Englishmen who have surrendered all their wealth to one fund to help the poor.

That account has brought us the story of A. E. H. It is told in *Umteteli Wa Bantu*, a Johannesburg newspaper which is the mouthpiece of the Native peoples of South Africa; and a sister of A. E. H. tells us that it is true. Because he was the most modest of men and would therefore have hated praise, his sister, who reads the C.N., asks us not to give his name.

Like Helpless Children

A. E. H. was a well-born and well-to-do Englishman who went to South Africa many years ago. At once he became interested in the Natives there. It seemed to him that they were sometimes misunderstood and oppressed, and it was pitifully clear that they suffered from many diseases through their own ignorance of health laws.

They were like children in their helplessness. When A. E. H. showed them how to care for a sick child, or how to get the best out of their cattle, they would say "Yes, yes, that way is good for white men, but we are only Natives." They would trust to witchcraft and feed the invalid from a dirty bowl.

Champion of Education

Instead of angering him it made him pity them the more; and instead of leading the life of pleasure which his money made possible A. E. H. gave himself up to helping the humblest folk of Africa. He lived among the Natives, a thing many white men could not understand and which they disapproved. But A. E. H. had not time to wonder if society criticised him. His time and his money were devoted to the poor, obstinate, ignorant, childlike people who said "Yes, that way is good for white men, but we are only Natives."

A. E. H. saw that they would only learn new ways from men of their own colour. Educated Africans could lead their uneducated fellows out of the shadows where they sat bleating "We are only Natives." So A. E. H. became the champion of education. He built and equipped a school on his own farm in Weenen County, helped to build others, maintained students at the South African Native College, and left some 50 acres to the Natal Government for educational purposes. He also left £29,000 to build a hospital, and directed that preference should be given to qualified Natives in appointing the medical officer, and he provided bursaries for native medical students.

Their Only Hope

Now his life is over, and the Natives who turned to him in their troubles feel like children who have lost their father. But he has left them his money and his counsel. He has told them that education is their only hope. It is good to know that the trustees are carrying on his work and that his love for the Natives will go on bearing fruit.

The Native newspaper calls him a great-souled man whose faith in the Natives gave them faith in themselves and whose life of devotion has done an immense amount for race fellowship. That is true, but there is more to say, for the example of A. E. H. should teach something to people of all creeds and of all colours.

Since this article was written we have received permission to say that A. E. H. was Mr. A. E. Haviland.

THE BOY WHO STARTED ON MONDAY

A C.N. reader vouches for the truth of this story which happened long ago to a relative of his.

A boy he knew had the secret of friendship with all birds and animals. When the time came for leaving school he applied for a job with a City firm.

The principal, impressed by the excellence of the lad's handwriting, invited him to call.

"Did you write this application yourself?" was the first question.

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

Then, observing a protuberance on one side of the lad's chest, the chief said: "What are you carrying there, under your coat?"

"A pigeon, sir," was the reply.

"And what for?" asked his examiner.

The boy blushed and stammered.

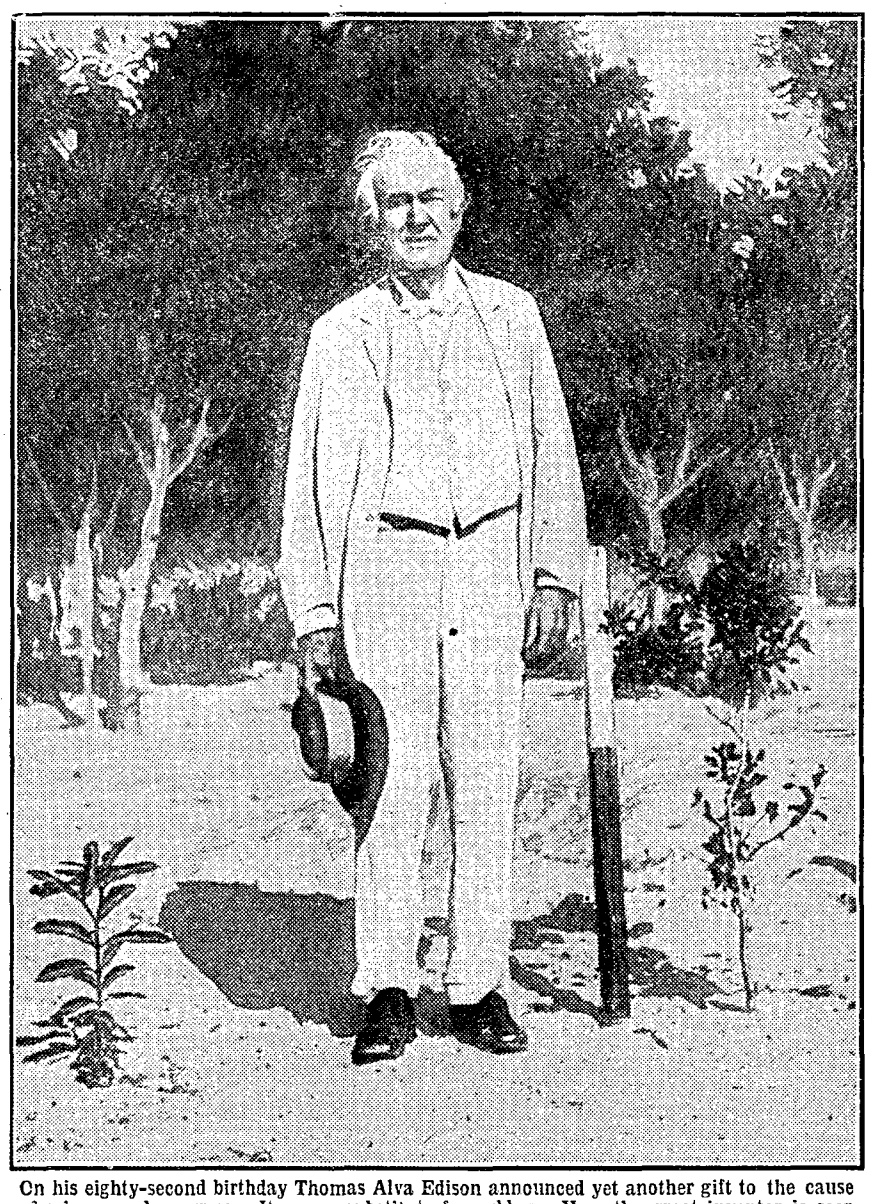
"Well, sir (he said), I thought that after I had seen you I might tie a message to its leg and send it off to tell my mother I had got the place."

"Let me see it," said the man of business. Then, taking the pigeon from the lad, he added: "We'll put it in this drawer while you sit down and write your application over again."

The lad did so, and after a glance at the writing the principal said: "You had better leave the pigeon with me and, after I have considered the matter, I will send it off to tell you if you have been successful."

When the boy reached home his mother told him the pigeon had already returned, and that attached to its leg was a slip of paper with the words "Start on Monday."

EIGHTY-TWO AND NOT OUT



On his eighty-second birthday Thomas Alva Edison announced yet another gift to the cause of science and progress. It was a substitute for rubber. Here the great inventor is seen in his experimental garden at Fort Myers in Florida, where he has been trying to produce a shrub from which rubber may be obtained.

MISS BEAUTY OF MARBLE ARCH

O FUMIKO SAN is a pretty little girl of eleven. She lives at Marble Arch, where her father, Mr. T. Tamekichi, has lately opened the first Japanese hotel in London, a modern and comfortable abode for well-to-do Japanese living here.

Fumiko means beauty, and Little Miss Tamekichi is a great beauty. Her father's guests (diplomats, scholars, well-to-do business men) make a great fuss of her. So do her brothers—Masuo, who is fourteen and goes to school with her in Marylebone; and Hidema, who is seventeen and works in the City. And Fumiko loves to decorate the dining-tables with sprigs of pink almond blossom—artificial, alas!—and the stork and green tortoise with the long stream of yellow hair which are emblems in Japan of long life and good luck.

Mr. Tamekichi calls his hotel Toyo Kwan, which means Eastern House. He might have wished to make it a real Japanese hotel. Unfortunately, in London we are not allowed to build hotels of lath and paper. Nor is it convenient, as Mr. Tamekichi himself admits with a smile, to sit down to dinner cross-legged on the floor when you are wearing Western trousers. So the Toyo Kwan is built like any other hotel in London. But the food is Japanese, and so are the customs, and the guests talk Japanese to one another.

But it is no use talking Japanese to Miss Beauty, for she does not understand a word of it. She was born in England, and speaks the English of any London schoolgirl. And except for her black, almond-shaped eyes, her blue-black hair, and her quaint, round, shining face, you could imagine that she was English.

WHEN WINTER COMES

WILD LIFE AT HOME

The Hungry Deer That Troop Down From the Forests

THOUSANDS SLAIN

By Our Natural Historian

Wolves and bears have begun their annual forays against human life and property in Europe, and even in Britain wild Nature still comes into conflict with civilisation.

A large part of Scotland is given over to deer forests which are bounded by human habitations. Winter arrives earlier in the Highlands than in more southerly areas, and with snow and frost comes the pinch of want in the forests. The deer, being subject to natural impulses in somewhat artificial surroundings, follow the law of the wilds and descend from their famished territories to plenty in the plains and valleys.

Widespread Damage

That plenty they find on the farms and pastures of cultivators. A farmer in a small way has assured us that on many occasions his entire stock of cabbages has disappeared in a single night at the instance of hungry deer. But the damage in general this year has been upon a widespread scale, and has necessitated a conference of Scottish agriculturists and members of the Government.

Evidence was brought before them to show that the deer are trooping down from the forests in great numbers and, particularly in Perthshire, doing great damage to agriculture. We often read of lions appearing on stations in East Africa; but in Scotland deer, which are supposed to keep as remote from civilisation as the flesh-eaters in other lands, have invaded the Oban railway in herds.

A Pitiful Story

It is natural to expect such occurrences in unsettled and thinly-peopled countries, but not in an ancient land with over forty million people. Exceptional conditions have called for exceptional measures, and in a single month between eight and ten thousand deer have been slain, simply in order that the farmers, like the surviving deer, may be permitted to live.

That is a pitiful story, based on stern necessity. The deer for the future are to be rigidly confined to their forests, and conferences are to be held yearly to see that numbers are kept down. The fact is, of course, that the maintenance of deer in Scotland has become an industry, rather than the delight of naturalists.

A Difficult Problem

Deer-stalking is one of the luxuries of the rich; it has been practised too often at the expense of farmers whose lands join its sanctuaries. Game-preserving for sport has been ruinous to agriculture in the past in many parts of England; deer forests which cannot house the winter deer are becoming one of the most acute problems in the agricultural life of Scotland.

We all love the tall deer as William the Conqueror loved them, but for a different reason. To him they were merely things to hunt and kill, as they are to our modern hunters. In reasonable numbers they are living gems of beauty to gladden and delight the eye which sees them in their natural setting, but when their multiplication is artificially fostered for the purpose of gain it is the luckless farmer whose crops must pay the penalty. E. A. B.

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THE LOST GALLEYS OF CALIGULA

LAKE NEMI'S STORY

How Caesar's Ships Are Being Brought to Light Again

GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT

Soon the lost galleys of Caligula, sunk by that mad emperor's whim, will raise their prows above the waters of Lake Nemi, which for nineteen centuries has held them close. One of them has already been sighted.

Twentieth-century engineers with hydraulic pumps behind them are rescuing what the tyrant of the first century destroyed with an augur. When these galleys are indeed seen again twentieth-century knowledge will rescue more than their ruined hulks, because the archaeologists will be able to tell the world a hundred new things about the way these pleasure ships were rowed and manned, and the art with which they were ornamented.

Like Ghosts Below the Surface

Four months ago the hydraulic pumps began working, and then the prow of the nearest ship was 18 feet under water. By the beginning of February the engineers declared that when the lake was very still the ships could be dimly discerned like ghosts below the surface, or like images seen in a glass darkly. For many hundred years Lake Nemi, with its polished surface reflecting the trees that stand on the slopes about it, has been called Diana's Mirror.

Poets have sung its praises. Two of our great English painters of water-colours have revealed its mystery and poetry. It is strange to reflect that a hydraulic pump is about to reveal a deeper mystery still, and perhaps beauties yet unguessed.

Legends of Old Time

There is another strange thought about Lake Nemi. Millions of years before a Caligula was born to be the curse of his time a volcano smoked and flamed here, and like the tyrant laid the country waste. Where placid water now lies, and where the galleys will be found lying in mud, lava bubbled and frothed. The waters which fill this cup of the hills, and have caused much trouble to the engineers when coming down in winter floods, have made it in truth a crater lake—Lake Nemi.

Little wonder that in its mystery and charm the lake glistening in the shadows of the hills should have attached to itself legends of old time when gods and strange creatures of the Underworld dwelled there. The pumps are lowering it, robbing it of its ancient mystery, at the rate of 30,000 gallons a minute. But they are rescuing from the oblivion into which the Roman emperor would have cast them "the pomp of power, and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave" from the crater grave in which he sank them. *Picture on page 3*

MOKE MOKESON

In Russia a donkey lately drew a salary as a member of the Transport Workers Union under the honourable name of Ishak Ishakovitch.

But Ishak Ishakovitch, though it sounds so well to our English ears, means no more than Moke Mokeson, just as the family name of Saladin, who fought Richard Coeur de Lion, was Yussuf Ben Eyub, and meant, as we English should say, Joseph Jobson.

When the secretary of the Trades Union saw this humble name on his books he smelled a rat and found a donkey. So now, though Ishak, son of Ishak, goes on working just as hard as before, he draws no pay from the Union, nor does his ingenious master.

GENEROSITY OF THE WESLEYANS

MILLIONS SPENT IN OUR GENERATION

Why Not Finish the Greatest Hall of All?

WESLEYANISM'S BLOT ON WESTMINSTER

The world hears much, and rightly, of the benefactions of rich men, but we hear too little of the benefactions of ordinary people.

Some figures lately published give a list of mission halls built by the Wesleyans in the last generation, and they show that since 1898 about 100 great halls have been built, at a cost of two and a half million pounds.

The hundred halls have a total seating capacity for about 120,000 people. Many of the halls have cost £50,000 apiece. The total number of halls and chapels erected since 1898 is over 2000. The cost has been nearly seven millions, and the seating capacity has been about 440,000. Altogether the Wesleyans have spent in the last thirty years on chapels, halls, manses, and organs about twelve million pounds.

The Unfinished Central Hall

Outside this sum is the cost of the great Central Hall at Westminster. It was built at a cost of £350,000 out of the Million Guineas Fund. The C.N. has called attention many times to the fact that this great hall is still unfinished, and that it remains an ugly blot on the most beautiful part of London. It is time that some compulsion should be brought to bear on those responsible, for no man and no church has the right to impose a piece of ugliness upon such a place as Westminster.

Westminster Hospital has restored its walls with great dignity to bring the building into relation with the incomparable group about it, and the Wesleyan Central Hall, the crowning achievement of the Million Guineas Fund, raised largely by the enthusiasm of Sir Robert Perks at the end of last century, has stood now for practically a generation as an unfinished thing, with a façade left as if for all the world the builder had forgotten to cover it.

From what we understand the facts to be we are bound to say that we know of no more glaring example of obstinacy anywhere than this maintenance of an ugly thing in the very heart of most beautiful London. The cost of only one or two dozen seats in one of the Wesleyan halls would finish this great hall in a week or two, making it an adornment instead of an offence; and the C.N. hopes that some good friend of London may be found to provide the means to do it.

STORY OF A STAMP

The collection of rare postage stamps has given rise to a number of curious stories. Here is a recent one.

A young Swedish girl whose sweetheart was absent for some time made him promise to write to her every day. He kept his promise and sent her thirty letters, using for each a Swedish air-post stamp bearing the word Luftpost.

When he tried to buy his 31st stamp he was told that the issue of the stamp had ceased because the word Luftpost had been printed upside down. What a chance for the early buyers of this new and now rare issue. There was a rush to possess this oddity.

Fortunately all the young Swede's letters had been kept carefully by his sweetheart with the envelopes and their thirty stamps, and a nice little marriage portion they made for their owner. Each stamp sold for rather more than £10, or more than £300 for a few already used stamps.

NOTHING LIKE RUBBER

Shall We Walk On It?

ONE STEP TOWARD A SILENT WORLD

When the experts who make roads met in London recently they declared that the time would come when all the roads would be paved with rubber.

There are strips of rubber paving now, but one strip does not make a silence, any more than one swallow makes a summer. The noise travels on. Also it will seem to many people that paving London's seven thousand miles of streets with rubber would be rather expensive.

If London began it, other towns would follow. The Bath Road, the Portsmouth Road, the Great North Road, the road from London to Manchester and Edinburgh, the new arterial roads, would all put in their demands for rubber.

Noise and Vibration

Would it be cheaper than rubber tyres for everything that runs on roads? Even rubber tyres, unless inflated, do not subdue all the noise the vehicles make. They certainly do not reduce all the vibration which the heavy ones cause as they rattle and bang along, and which is gradually shaking the houses down.

In the end, perhaps, we shall have to choose between rubber roads or building new houses which are vibration-proof. Then, when all the world runs on rubber, the aeroplanes will be rising in the sky—to convert that zone of silence into a world of noise.

But the vibrations from the skies will at any rate leave the buildings of the Earth standing, while the vibrations on the roads are slowly bringing them down.

FABRE AND THE FLIES

As a comment on fly pests mentioned in the C.N. a correspondent reminds us of Fabre's observations on bluebottles and moths.

Fabre proved that the ordinary domed meat-guard of wire gauze will not always protect meat against the grubs of the bluebottle, and never against the grubs of the grey fly.

The bluebottle will lay its eggs outside the wire gauze cover if the meat is near it, and the grub when hatched will creep in through the tiny holes.

The grey fly produces its grubs alive and will deposit them through the holes in the gauze.

Fabre found that if he put a dead bird in a tin box and left the lid open so little that only the point of a fine needle could be introduced the bluebottle would lay eggs close to the minute opening in the lid that admittance might be gained.

The one way of preserving meat or game from flies is to enclose it in a paper bag, and furs are only safe against the ravages of moths by placing them in large paper bags.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting by Ruysdael . . .	£3150
Painting by F. Guardi . .	£1260
15th-century illuminated MS.	£1150
Letter by Dr. Johnson . .	£1120
Portrait by Gainsborough . .	£1000
1st collected ed. of Chaucer .	£900
Chippendale settee	£700
A Chinese plate	£400
James II porringer	£373
Queen Anne tray	£210

BOADICEA'S LONDON

A SIGN WRITTEN IN FIRE

Romantic Secret of All Hallows by the Tower

TERRIBLE DAYS OF LONG AGO

It is 1870 years since Boadicea passed to her unknown grave after the battle in which she saw her army destroyed by the Roman legions they had challenged.

Today her name and fame blaze forth afresh. The heart of London reveals evidence of her presence and passion, a wordless signature, written in characters of fire.

The Church of All Hallows, near the Tower, is famous as the church of Toc H; and it is famous also for having within its walls and beneath its foundations astonishing relics of the London of the Romans. Now a new discovery has been added to its list.

A floor of the church began to sink, and builders, taking it up for repair, found beneath it traces of a fine Roman tesselated pavement and a great pillar of Roman material seven feet high.

Like Boadicea's Signature

The gem of the find, however, is not distinguished by art or craft of which a Roman would have been proud. It is simply a ridge of brick and clay running across the corridor which has been brought to light, and blackened by the heat and smoke of fire which scarred it ages since.

It is like Boadicea's signature, for scholars believe that blackened ridge of old brick and clay to be a relic of the burning of London by Boadicea in the year 60 A.D.

That may seem a bold assumption to base on slender evidence and so it would be were there nothing to support it; but the Royal Commission which has inquired into Roman remains in London has recorded many traces of the destruction of our first great city.

The first London lies on the original bed of gravel and clay, in a mantle of red dust, to which Boadicea reduced that first city of wood-and-clay dwellings, shops and temples, and mingled with its remains are charred fragments of wood, broken tiles, and burned red clay still showing the pattern of wattle against which it was pressed.

An Avenging Fate

Great was the wrong done to Boadicea; great was her evil-doing in avenging it. Robbed of her possessions, scourged and mocked, her daughters ill used, her subjects beggared and enslaved, she swept like an avenging Fate over the land. She burned Colchester, London, and St. Albans. She spared neither Roman nor Romanised Briton, but massacred them all, young and old. Those whom fire, sword, and spear did not slay she crucified.

Her portrait is painted for us in living words by a man who lived in her day and had the description from the Roman leader who faced her; and his description is embodied in the bronze figure which towers majestic at the west end of Westminster Bridge.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

A C.N. reader who is an uncle asks us what we think of his nephew Tommy, aged two. Tommy has a rabbit of which he is very fond; so fond that his uncle has always thought he would do anything rather than let the rabbit suffer.

Tommy had not been as well as usual, so his mother wanted him to take a dose of castor oil for his good. But Tommy would not. "Well," said his mother, "if you don't have it I'll make your rabbit have it."

She felt sure his love for the rabbit would induce him to take the oil himself. But no; Tommy ran straight out and fetched the rabbit in.

What do we think of two-year-old Tommy? We feel sure he wanted to do the rabbit good!

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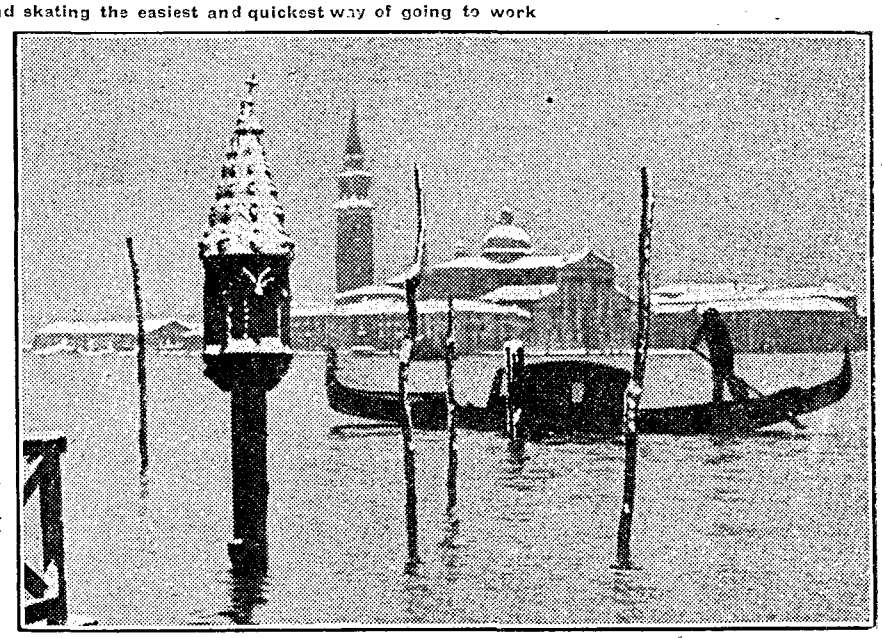
THE ICY TRAIL OF JACK FROST FROM END TO END OF EUROPE



Follow My Leader—Men of Staphorst in East Holland find skating the easiest and quickest way of going to work



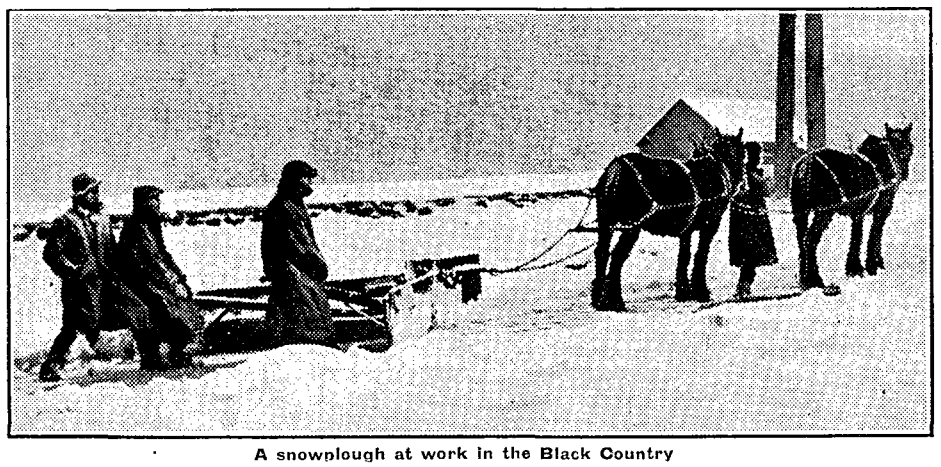
The domes and minarets of Constantinople under snow



Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, in her mantle of white



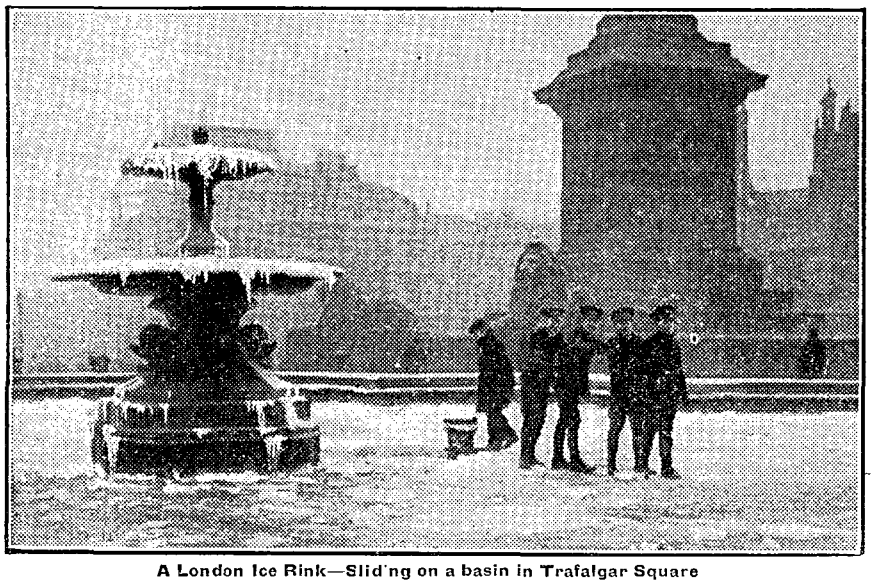
Preparing to skate at Hampstead



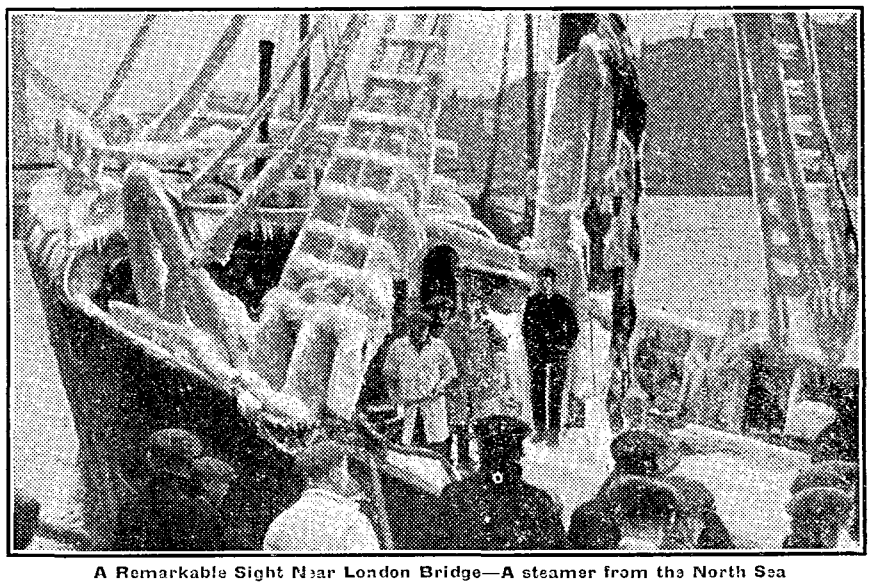
A snowplough at work in the Black Country



On the frozen shore at Southend



A London Ice Rink—Sliding on a basin in Trafalgar Square



A Remarkable Sight Near London Bridge—A steamer from the North Sea

Not for many years has Europe been visited by such widespread and severe cold weather. From the Atlantic to the Black Sea and from the Baltic to the Mediterranean the Continent has been in the grip of Jack Frost, and snow has fallen even in Venice, where such an occurrence is very rare. Here are some striking pictures of scenes in England and abroad. See page one.

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THE DUKE'S NEW FLATS

A FINE THING ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES

Splendid Homes for the Cellar-Dwellers of Millbank

999 YEARS AT A SHILLING A YEAR

The untidy river front beyond the Houses of Parliament is being gradually tidied up.

The bit of Grosvenor Road beyond the Victoria Tower Gardens and the approach to Lambeth Bridge are to be widened and a new river wall built in a line with that of the gardens, while fine new buildings are going up on the other side of the road.

And now comes the news of big changes farther back from the river.

The property round here has been getting shabbier and shabbier since the war. Business premises have begun to be deserted and the houses behind them have become more and more unsatisfactory homes for the people. This has been largely because there was nowhere else for them to go while the houses were rebuilt, and the people have hung on in increasing discomfort under the protection of the Rent Restriction Act.

The First Thing to be Done

But the floods of last winter which flooded out the cellar dwellers have brought matters to a crisis, and now the Westminster City Council and the Duke of Westminster, the ground landlord, have agreed upon an improvement scheme which is being submitted to Parliament for approval.

The first thing to be done is to build new homes for the people whom the improvements will dispossess. But the land on this 16-acre Millbank Estate, as it is called, is so valuable that if the land had to be bought or rented in the ordinary way the rents of decent homes would be far higher than the people could possibly pay.

So, to begin with, the Duke of Westminster is practically giving the land to the Council. He is leasing five acres in the part farthest from the river, worth £200,000, for 999 years at a rent of a shilling a year, and is contributing £100,000 toward the cost of the building.

Here will be built about 600 little flats of four rooms, three rooms, two rooms, and one room, with a bath and a kitchenette attached to each flat. There will also be washhouses and perambulator garages. No sitting-room will look north.

Fine New Buildings

When the people have been gathered together in these huge buildings the other parts of the estate will be cleared and replanned. A broad new road will be driven through it from north to south, making an alternative route to Grosvenor Road, and fine new buildings will go up.

The Westminster Council will contribute to the cost of this street, as will the L.C.C. and the Ministry of Transport, and the Duke will pay the rest.

Of course the Council will be amply repaid by what is called increased rateable value while the Duke will get better rents—when once provision has been made for the humble Millbank folk.

A GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

A Dublin reader reports, in a spirit of grateful friendship, the death of an old Welsh pony in County Sligo which she, and other nieces and nephews of the pony's mistresses, rode and played with in their youth.

Rosie has died at thirty-seven after taking her mistresses about in her trap for nearly 30 years, and spending the closing years of her life as an honoured pensioner.

SISTERS OF GUIDES

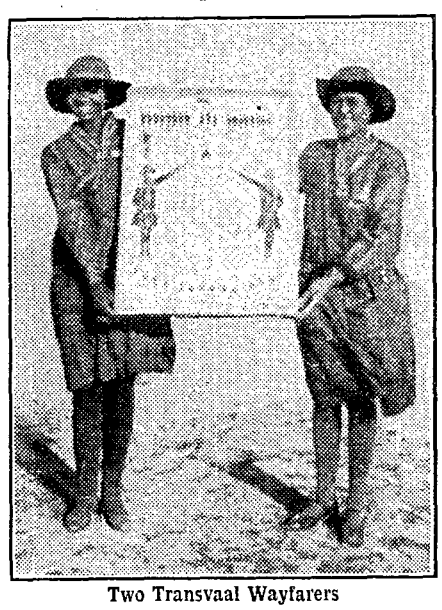
And Brothers of Scouts

PATHFINDERS AND WAYFARERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

In South Africa an interesting organisation, parallel with the Scouts and Guides, is being established among the non-white people of the Union.

The boys take the name of Pathfinders and the girls that of Wayfarers. They do not seek incorporation with the Guides and Scouts as the colour prejudice is at present too strong for that, but they hope to develop on lines suitable for their characteristics, and eventually to become incorporated in a World Federation of such movements. From both the Chief Scout and Lady Baden-Powell they have received much encouragement.

The photograph we give shows the uniform, which is brown, and harmonises with the girls' brown skins and



Two Transvaal Wayfarers

the dry brown African veld. The two girls in the photograph are in the First Transvaal Detachment of Girl Wayfarers, acting as lieutenants under a European leader. They are holding up a poster announcing an Open Parade in aid of the Jubilee Fund of the diocese.

The C.N. hopes to hear news of increasing success coming to the Pathfinders and the Wayfarers. The C.N. friend who sends us the photograph says: "Our African students of all ages and both sexes are eager readers of the C.N., which supplies the world's news and is invaluable in increasing their general knowledge."

THE DAILY SALUTE AT CANTERBURY

The Book of the Buffs

Every morning at 11 o'clock a private of the Buffs, the East Kent Regiment, reports to the verger on duty at Canterbury Cathedral.

The soldier receives a silver-mounted cane, and the two enter the beautiful Chapel of St. Michael, the Warrior Saint of Heaven, where the old colours of the Buffs commemorate its history in the field.

There is another token of commemoration in the chapel. It is the Book of Life in which are inscribed the 6000 names of the Glorious Dead who served in the Great War.

The soldier lays aside his cap and gloves. The cover of the case where the vellum-leaved book reposes is lifted. The Book of Life lies open. The soldier turns one page more.

Each day one page is turned, so that in turn each name shall come to light.

The soldier salutes as he stands to attention; then marches away. But tomorrow another will take his place.

A MOTH CALLS AT MOPTI

Chickens in the Cockpit

When Lady Bailey flew her Moth from England all round Africa and home again she learned that politeness can be a positive problem at times.

She had descended in a native village 100 miles from Mopti to ask her way, and in landing bent an axle. The chief lent her a horse to go to the nearest centre, and she brought back a present of dress material for the chief as well as a mechanic for the Moth.

In his gratitude the chief presented her with six eggs and two live chickens. Politeness made it impossible to leave them behind, but there was no room for a hen coop. Reluctantly she stowed the clucking fowls in the luggage locker behind the cockpit.

When she got to Mopti she opened the locker with misgivings, but the birds had enjoyed their flight, and did not want to leave their new home.

She was glad to get rid of the hens, and she must have been still more glad that the chief did not run an ostrich farm.

TIME TABLES OF THE GLACIERS

Their Slow-Swinging Pendulum

Switzerland's glaciers have their temperature taken and their stature measured every year by the careful Swiss geologists. The glaciers are not putting on weight.

Of the 92 glaciers examined 73 are shrinking. They have been doing so for the last six years. If they went on doing so Swiss winter sports would come to an end, and, far more serious, the Swiss mountain streams would cease to turn the turbines which keep Switzerland lighted and her trains running.

Nevertheless, there is no reason for dismay—yet. More than thirty years ago the alarm was raised about the shrinking Swiss glaciers, and it was clearly shown that many of them had gone back a mile or more in the nineteenth century.

But thirty years is as nothing in the life of a glacier. It goes back and comes as in a pendulum movement, the swing of which is not reckoned in years but is measured in centuries.

ZLOTNIKOV

A Russian inventor, Zlotnikov, with the full approval of the Bolsheviks, has thought out a kind of wireless which will make all the clocks and watches in the world keep time.

Zlotnikov does not say whether it is to be Bolshevik time. We could hardly put up with that. When Russia revolutionised herself the world was aghast; when the Bolsheviks tried to revolutionise other nations the world grew angry. But when an attempt is made to meddle with its watches the world will take Time by the forelock and put a stop to it.

Zlotnikov proposes to send wireless waves that will reach down into our waistcoat pockets, unless we wear our watches on the wrist, and compel the works to keep up-to-date and fit the Soviet time clock. As in the case of other Russian projects for reducing everybody and everything to the same level, we doubt its success.

CARS BY THE MILLION

The number of British motor-vehicles taxed last year was a million and three-quarters. The total number of driving licences was two millions and a half. During the last quarter of the year over fifty thousand motor-vehicles were registered for the first time

MORE AND MORE UNIVERSITIES

Reading the Youngest

THE WORK OF DR. CHILDS

There are plenty of people alive who can remember when England and Wales had only as many universities as Scotland had, then and has now. There were four south of the Cheviots and four north. Probably not one Englishman in a thousand could say now how many universities there are south of the Cheviots. The answer is twelve; and two more are coming on.

Here they are, in order of time: Oxford (1249), Cambridge (1284), Durham, London, Manchester, University of Wales, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, and Reading (1926).

Reading is the youngest and at present the smallest, but it has this distinction: more than any of the other modern English universities it has followed the example of Oxford and Cambridge, and is gathering its students into halls, where they live together in closer association than is possible when students are not in residence. It has six halls.

Wonderful Progress

Reading made a start in 1892 as a University Extension College, with Sir Halford Mackinder as its Principal; and in 1903 his successor was Dr. W. M. Childs, who had been a lecturer since 1893, and who therefore has spanned the whole story of the place from a little lecturing college to a residential university. When Dr. Childs first lectured there on history there was one student in arts and none in agriculture or science. Now there are 850, half of them reading for degrees or as post-graduates.

The progress that has been made has been largely due on the financial side to the generosity of the Palmer family and Lady Wantage. The university has specialised in agriculture, but at the same time covered all the ordinary branches of study.

Dr. Childs is retiring this year after a principalship lasting a quarter of a century; and he will carry with him the affection of a wide public and the consciousness of a great work greatly done.

CHIEF CONSTABLE AND THE BOYS

A Good Work Cheaply Done

Some months ago the C.N. gave an account of a club for lads formed in Hyde by the Chief Constable, Mr. Danby, the object being to provide a recreative centre for boys.

A report on the success of the club has reached us. The membership has reached 350, all that its present accommodation will allow.

A recreation ground has been rented at a nominal cost, and six football teams are playing matches each Saturday.

The police parade ground is used as a gymnasium, and exercises to musical accompaniments, Swedish drill, and so on, are carried on so successfully that a public demonstration is planned, and it is announced that the Duke of Gloucester has promised to attend.

A library is being formed, and application has been made to the Carnegie Trust for a grant for additional books. At the school, whose lower rooms form the club's headquarters, bagatelle, table tennis, chess, and other games can be played. Ambulance instruction is also provided.

The Town Council is acting as the Governing Committee.

The Chief Constable reports that the club has given hundreds of lads a new interest in life.

The expenditure on the first quarter's work, including initial expenses, was £8 4.

The boys pay a penny a week up to 15, and twopence between 16 and 18. Evidently a good work is being done at a very small expense.

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DOUBLE SUNS OF GEMINI

A GLITTERING HOST

Famous Star Cluster Seen as a Patch of Light

COLOURED MASS OF SUNS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The splendid constellation of Gemini possesses many glories in addition to Castor, which was described last week. The star-map thus given shows the position of the chief stars, many of which are double suns.

Pollux, the other twin star, which with Castor accounts for this constellation being now known as Gemini, the Twins, appears to be a solitary sun actually much larger than any of the six suns of Castor. It radiates about eighty times as much light as our Sun does, and is 3,350,000 times as far away, the light of Pollux taking nearly 51 years to reach us, or eight years longer than from Castor, the nearest of the visible stars of Gemini.

Delta, south-west of Pollux, is 53 light-years distant, or 3,365,000 times



Stars in the vicinity of the Great Star Cluster in Gemini. The smaller stars are only visible with field-glasses.

as far as our Sun. It is of great interest, being composed of two suns, one of third and one of eighth magnitude, the larger one yellowish and the other purple in tint, a frequent colour arrangement of double suns. They are both easily seen in a small telescope.

Zeta, to the right of Delta, is a still more interesting double sun, one being of fourth and the other of seventh magnitude; but they are very far apart and may be only in the line of sight. Zeta's larger sun is, however, variable in its light, and with remarkable punctuality drops from 3.7 to 4.3 magnitude at intervals of 10 days, 3 hours 41 minutes. The next convenient opportunity for observation will not occur until the evening of March 23. This larger sun of Zeta is known to be about 13,780,000 times as far as our Sun, its light taking 217 years to get to us.

The stars Epsilon and Mu are suns that also appear to have a much smaller sun near them. Mu is about 125 light-years distant, and Epsilon between 400 and 500 years; so this must be a giant sun.

Two Suns Close Together

Another wonderful star of Gemini is Eta. This is composed of two suns very close together, only one second of arc apart, one of nearly third magnitude and the other ten and a half. The larger of these suns declines in brilliance sometimes to below fourth magnitude, at intervals of 229 days. Eta is about 13 million times as far away as our Sun, its light taking 204 years to reach us.

If the eye looks to the north-west of Eta, to about three times the Moon's apparent width away, there will be seen on a dark, clear night a patch of light like luminous mist appearing about half the size of the Moon. Our star-map shows its exact position, and the glasses will help to identify it.

This is the famous star cluster of Gemini, usually known as Messier 35. A telescope will reveal upward of 700 glittering suns covering a triangular area that appears no larger than the Moon.

It is a scene of superb beauty, the stars being from ninth to sixteenth magnitude, and of many colours, arranged in curves suggesting a spiral structure for the mass of suns. G. F. M.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Mr. Hoover has been made a Tenderfoot Boy Scout.

One of the pelicans in St. James's Park has died through overfeeding.

Two Scotsmen have set out to go round the world on push bicycles; they expect to cover 40,000 miles.

The Pope appeared in the presence of 100,000 people during the Papal celebrations in Rome the other day.

New Lights for Matlock

The Heights of Abraham at Matlock are to be illuminated with electric lights which will be seen twenty miles away.

Tinfoil for a Cot

By collecting tinfoil students and staff have raised £500 for a cot in Newcastle Infirmary.

The Lost Watch

A gold watch and chain stolen thirty years ago have just been found in a hollow tree at Chippenham in Wiltshire.

A Beneficent Bequest

The late Mr. Ogden Mills of New York has left £200,000 to charitable and educational works.

The Unsinkable Boat

An unsinkable lifeboat for holding 150 people has been built from a legacy by a Harrogate citizen, with the help of a fund from Bradford.

Good Causes

The B.B.C.'s Good Cause appeals last year raised £60,000, an average of over a thousand pounds a cause.

The Man Who Gave Away

The Rev. Frederick Gates, who has died in Arizona at 75, gave away money for Mr. Rockefeller for over 40 years.

A Feast on Board

A flock of seagulls which settled on a ship with a cargo of sprats near Brightlingsea feasted so well that they were unable to fly, and spent the night on board.

Piece of a Mountain Falls

A mass of rock has fallen from the mountains in the Alpine village of Saint Niklaus, in the valley of Zermatt, burying two barns.

A Bit of Faulty Steel

It is found that the collapse of a bridge near Blackpool some weeks ago was due to a piece of faulty steel used in its construction.

THE QUALITIES OF AN ENGINE

Where Are the Most Powerful?

Where are the most powerful railway engines to be found?

That is always a point for argument. Half a dozen countries put in a claim for precedence in every quality an engine can have—pace, power, fuel economy, endurance, and the rest. Of course, we believe in the British engine, of which super-types are constantly appearing. A Lancashire correspondent insists that the best pullers of all are now being built at Gorton, Manchester.

They are designed to overcome the difficulties of the old Natal main line in South Africa, which has some of the greatest climbs ever planned. The line mounts to a series of plateaus, ridge above ridge, and it is deadly to engines. German engines have been in use, but now there has been an international competition, and the Gorton firm has the chance of showing what can be done.

They claim that their new 220-ton engines will pull a load of 3000 tons up a gradient of one foot in 100 feet. They are mechanically stoked. They have two sets of driving-wheels. The rail gauge is only 3 feet 6 in. They cost £14,500 each. May good fortune attend them as they climb the Drakenberg gorges, and all soundly-built British engines everywhere.

PETER RABBIT CALLS ON PETER PUCK

Peter Puck filled his top hat with water, brought it to the boil over a gas ring, and popped in an egg. Then he waited with a landing net in one hand and a watch in the other, for of course an egg must cook exactly four minutes and no more.

Before two minutes were up there was a knock, and in walked a brown rabbit wearing a blue coat trimmed with brass buttons and shod with red slippers.

"Peter Rabbit, I presume?" asked Peter Puck coldly The rabbit bowed, and Puck continued, "Some people think that a call before breakfast is a little early."

An Important Question

"I know," said Rabbit, "but I had to come at once. I must ask you an important question. Shall I help you with the breakfast things while we chat?"

Spearing a round of bread on an umbrella ferrule he asked as he toasted it:

"What would you think of a man who planted a flower very carefully one day and tore it up by the roots on the morrow?"

"Mad," said Peter Puck.

"Exactly. And what would you think of a woman who spent hours mending a valuable china bowl, matching the pattern, joining every tiny fragment in its proper place, and then next day threw the bowl out of the window?"

"Mad," said Peter Puck.

"Then you agree," the rabbit asked, "that it is wrong to mend sick children and break them again?"

"No one does," Peter Puck said with a snort.

The Doctor's Work Undone

"Excuse me, we keep on doing it," retorted Rabbit. "There are such a lot of children waiting to go to hospital that we have to bundle the mended ones out before they are really strong. Although the operation is a success, or the fever has gone, they are still invalids. They want building up with lots of good food and fresh air. But most of them go back to stuffy slum rooms, where there is not enough money for milk and eggs and butter, and no one has time to look after them. So they get ill again, Peter, and all the doctor's work is undone."

"It ought to be stopped," cried Peter, landing his egg a terrific whack on the top.

"Well, I am trying to stop it," said Peter Rabbit. "I work for the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and our job is to send sick children to Homes of Recovery. We have nine Homes of our own, and we give money to other convalescent homes as well. What do you think King Edward's Hospital Fund said of us? It said that we are one of the most economical of voluntary associations! But, all the same, we want money badly because such a lot of children must be mended."

Peter Rabbit's Magic

Peter Puck took down a china pig with a slit in its back, and shook out the pennies.

"I know a little girl who will go to the seaside now," cried Peter Rabbit joyfully. "Have you any tinfoil, by the way? Tinfoil helps as well as pennies."

Then off he skipped to plunder someone else. Now this is not all nonsense. There really is a Peter Rabbit Committee, and Mrs. Baldwin is its chairman. It really does work for the I. C. A. A., and its address is 117, Piccadilly. It really would be a fine thing to join. Send Peter Rabbit cheques, stamps, or silver paper, and he will turn them into healthy children. There's magic for you!

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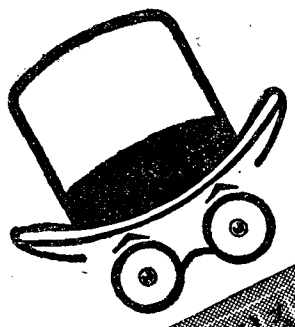
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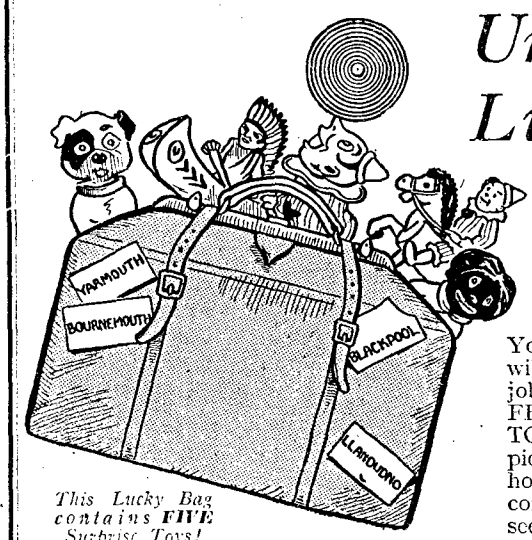
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A Run Round Old England

WHAT SAXONS AND NORMANS LEFT US

Two Books for the Great Library of Our Wondrous Past

RELICS WE MAY SEE TODAY OF THE LONG AGO

It would be difficult to overpraise the admirable books of Mr. Arthur Weigall. To his books on Ancient Egypt he has added three most excellent books on Ancient England. We have on our desk his two volumes on Anglo-Saxon Britain and Norman England, both published by Hodder & Stoughton.

The Saxon book tells the story of Britain as it can be studied by historical sites and remains.

The distinctive feature of Mr. Weigall's method is that he has visited the scenes where the history he traces was lived, and he makes it real again on the spot. Only so can the distant past be made vivid. Whatever remains and appeals to the eye is shown if it is left *in situ*, and if not it is followed to its place in some museum.

Essential History

Only the wanderer through historical scenes can realise fully how well Mr. Weigall has done his work. The book records the great movements that had an influence on the future, pictures the people who played the leading parts, and stages the important events in places that will remain for ever romantic.

The book is amply illustrated and fully indexed. It cannot be wisely neglected by anyone whom duty or interest lead into the centuries when the foundations of our country's character were being laid.

In his Norman book Mr. Weigall makes a tour of Norman England to see remains of the castles, abbeys, and cathedrals built between 1066 and 1154.

Norman Remains

From anything built later than 1154, which happens to be the death-date of King Stephen, he turns away his gaze, and we do not agree with him there.

But, having made that grumble, not without cause, we hasten to say that this Grand Tour of Norman England is admirably described, whether the reader's taste be for architecture or for romantic history. Mr. Weigall visits every town or village where Norman remains are conspicuous; and he mentions the less conspicuous.

His style carries the reader with him, and he has a very happy knack of interweaving lively history with his architectural art. Then he stirs up interest by delivering his opinions with attractive briskness and firmness.

His reading of the Norman Conquest is that there was no conquest. There was a sharp, momentary, dynastic conflict, in which Harold was killed. With him many of his landowning supporters were killed. This allowed much land to be left at the disposal of the surviving contestant William, and he gave it away freely to his friends. But many English landowners were left unmolested, and the nation generally accepted the new king with scarcely any demur. When, forty years after the Battle of Senlac, the English thoroughly defeated the Normans at Tenchebrai and captured Normandy the tables were more than turned. England has never been conquered. She accepted William and his Normans, swallowed them completely, and made them hers.

The Language Question

Mr. Weigall refuses to believe that the English language was ever interfered with seriously by the Norman inroad. French percolated down, but English percolated up. The Conqueror tried to learn it. Less than forty years after the Conquest a correspondence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Exeter was being carried on, by the bishop, in the English of the period. When Robert Shortlegs, William's eldest son, came over to fight for the crown with his young brother Henry after the death of Rufus he found that all the Normans had changed into Englishmen.

This comment is made when we reach Gloucester Cathedral, where Shortlegs is buried; as the story of young Henry's marriage is told when we reach Romsey Abbey, where the girl he married was grimly interned by a severe aunt.

Historic Places and Their Story

Most of the important places have a story to give them a hold on the reader's memory. And what a round it is! Winchester, Romsey, Malmesbury, Chichester, Rochester, Canterbury, the Tower, Waltham, Colchester, St. Edmundsbury, Norwich, Worcester, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Hereford, Leominster, Chepstow, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Chester, Southwell, Lincoln, Newark, Furness, Selby, Kirkstall, Fountains, Durham, Newcastle, and Alnwick are only a few of the places visited and described.

The illustrations are abundant and excellent; there are considerably more than 200. They are a fit accompaniment for a book so attractively written that it leaves one impatient for the season when the architectural monuments it describes can be sampled afresh, and gaps in one's personal observation can be filled up.

THE RIDDLE THAT IS RUSSIA

In London there lives a distinguished man who used to be a great authority on Russia. But, having recently returned from a visit to Moscow, he confesses that he no longer knows his subject.

He is Dr. Hagberg Wright, the distinguished Director of the London Library in St. James's Square.

Dr. Wright is a fine Russian scholar, and before the war had friends among the scholars of that unhappy country. Many of them have been killed, or died of miserable hardships. But there were still a few living when Dr. Wright visited Moscow, and *not one of them dared to come near him!* Yet these were the very men who risked their liberty under the Tsardom to help on the Revolution. That is the puzzle Dr. Wright cannot understand.

Nor can he understand that some of the men in the foremost ranks of Russia, whom he knew in London as half-starved exiles, can have lost all their ideals, and changed from their former gentleness and patience to the habits of bloodthirsty tyrants. Dr. Wright met such an exile in London some thirty years ago, a young man named Litvinoff, who was so poor that he had not enough to buy a meal. Dr. Wright gave him about ten shillings a week in return for Russian lessons, and enabled him for a while to keep body and soul together. Then his benefactor found him a post in a publishing house, which he kept for nine years. That man today is the Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, one of the most powerful men in Russia.

Dr. Wright once had a meeting with an even more interesting exile, to whom he was introduced in London by Maxim Gorki the novelist. They sat together at dinner, the English and the Russian scholar talking in Russian, the third man maintaining a grim silence, though he answered courteously enough when addressed. "I did not think him a man of any particular intelligence," said Dr. Wright to a friend of the C.N., "and I soon lost interest in him. *His name was Lenin.*"

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HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of the Junior Cup

Told by Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 45
Hendry Understands

It is to be noticed that Ripshank had not mentioned his visit to Frute yet, although he had faithfully reported it to the other two on his return. And now a shade of anxiety crossed St. Pierre's face as Ripshank plumped his first question into Major like one good ship plumping its broadside into another.

"Did you or did you not play the furniture trick?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Major without hesitation.

Ripshank nodded. That confirmed Frute's admission. "All right. Then, shamming the Cup was your own, did you leave it with Frute in pledge for the damage?"

"Yes," said Major.

"And, by the way"—from Anning—"have you paid Frute yet?"

"No," returned Major quietly, "no, not yet. Though my young cousin brought me along the money last Thursday."

As one after one these admissions were tendered so frankly, the three on the bench by the wall felt enormous relief. And in the pause which now followed Puggie glanced at Pinion and Pinion at Puggie with a look which signified that their troubles were over, while young Hendry felt his gratitude to Major rising for at last owning up like a man. In a few minutes now, thought young Hendry, all would be over, a few more questions and answers would finish the business and satisfy Ripshank that the story was true.

But a reply was at hand which was destined to dash Hendry's confidence.

Ripshank had been sitting forward with his elbows on the table, looking at Major steadily and inscrutably. He broke the silence by uttering, "Then you will tell us, please, what made you deny having ordered that furniture from Frute when we taxed you with it at the beginning of last term. You remember we taxed you with it up here, Major. You denied it on your word of honour. Why?"

Major lifted his eyebrows almost imperceptibly, but said nothing, while his gaze passed above Ripshank's head to the prints on the walls. Then he brought it to Ripshank's again, and replied. "Do you force me to answer that question?"

"Yes," said Ripshank.

"Very well. I must then." It seemed Major sighed. "I denied it in order to save my young cousin from getting into trouble."

Winging Ann stared. So did Ripshank. St. Pierre sat unmoved. The one whose breath was nearly taken away was young Hendry. He jumped to his feet to protest, but was waved down at once.

"Sit down! You can say what you want to say presently," Ripshank said. Then to Major: "Yes? And how to do that?"

"How would it have got my young cousin into a row?" echoed Major in a tone of reluctance. "Because all his trouble about the Cup and the Run——"

"Never mind the Run at the moment," Ripshank said sharply. "We shall come to that soon enough."

"But," Major continued in earnestness, "I must mind the Run. All my cousin's trouble about the Cup and the Run began with that furniture rag. If I had confessed you'd have dragged the rest out of me. So for his sake——"

The emphatic and earnest but still pleasant voice was cut short by a gruff interjection from Winging Ann of "Hold hard!" Then Winging Ann turned to their chairman. "Rip, I'd like to suggest that instead of letting this loquacious chap ramble on we'll get at it easier if we keep him at questions?"

"By all means," Major concurred.

Young Hendry held his breath when Ripshank resumed.

"Major, is the story your cousin has told about the Run true?"

"No. It is not true," he answered.

"You declare it's all a lie?"

"No," said Major. "I don't go so far as that, but I say it's a half-truth. There is just enough truth in it to colour it plausibly and make it difficult for me to disprove."

"Not so fast," grunted Winging Ann. "Say that again."

So Major repeated it slowly, keeping his eyes on them. As he ended a scuffling came from the bench, and young Hendry was seen being held back by Randall and Pinion.

"It is——"

Young Hendry was silenced by Winging Ann's growl of "Wait!"

But his eyes had been opened now and he *saw*. He read Major's mind; miserably, terribly. He pierced the purpose in which his cousin had entered the room as surely as though it had been set down in writing.

Major's thoughts, as young Hendry pierced them, amounted to this: It had come at last to a life and death struggle between him and his young cousin. What had the youngster to lose compared to himself? Nothing. What had he to lose compared to *his* young cousin? Everything.

So, appalled by the prospect which stood at his shoulder like a gaoler waiting to lead him away from all that was worth while, and driven by the instinct of preservation, he had resolved to do something which he could never have contemplated doing, and to sink to a depth to which he would never have dreamed that he could sink. He was going to fight to a finish *at young Hendry's cost*; he was going to save himself by young Hendry's destruction. He had brought his own story with him, all cut and dried.

CHAPTER 46
A New Version

As this burst upon young Hendry the room seemed to swim round, the figures at the table seemed to waver and fade, until presently at a dig from Pinion's sharp elbow he grew conscious of a voice. It was Ripshank's voice speaking.

"Major, take your time and tell us what you've got to say."

"At the very beginning of last September term," began Major, "my young cousin came to me in great trouble and appealed to me on the score of our relationship to lend him four pounds, which he said he owed to a boy at his former Prep School."

Winging Ann sniffed audibly. "H'm!" he remarked. "Four pounds is a pretty tall sum for Prep kids to lend!"

"That's precisely what I said to my cousin. He said that it had been lent to him bit by bit, and had mounted up to that. He said that he'd never realised how it had grown until the other boy reminded him and wanted it back because he was leaving."

"And you believed him?"

"I did," replied Major gravely, "because I knew how short he'd been kept at his Prepper. So I lent him the four pounds and practically cleared myself out. I was an ass, no doubt."

"But wasn't four pounds a lot for you to have by you?" asked Winging Ann.

"Yes; but my father had given it me to pay off some stamp dealers. You know how I've always gone in for foreign stamps——"

"Never mind your hanged stamps! What happened next?"

"Next, Anning? Then the big trouble happened which has led to all this. I played the furniture joke and got into Frute's clutches——"

"Odd, when you think of it," came Ripshank's dry comment, "that's Frute's sum and your young cousin's sum should be identical?"

"But the coincidence isn't my fault," Major returned. "I asked young Hendry if he could possibly let me have my money back for Frute——"

"But, stay a moment! Why didn't *you* write to your father—according to the advice you had given your cousin?"

"Because I daren't," Major said simply. "If you knew how my father——"

"All right. I have your answer," growled Anning.

"My cousin said that he hadn't got the money, of course, but realising that it was his fault I hadn't it he took it to heart, and after thinking a lot said he'd try to win the Cup for the Junior Run, which I had happened to mention to him; and if he won it he'd give it me to pay Frute with."

"*Give* you it!"

"Yes, he said give, but I said, 'No, I'll borrow it,' as that was the only way of keeping Frute's mouth shut."

"So you coached him?"

"I naturally gave him some tips, as I would have done anyhow. And I took him over the course the Sunday before."

"When you showed him the short cuts?" Ripshank said very quietly.

"No," said Major, shaking his head, "I did not."

Continued on the next page

How Two Young Women Founded a Great Children's Hospital

ONCE upon a time there were two young Quaker women who left their parents' beautiful country house to work amongst the poorest of the poor in the East End of London. It was a time of trouble, for a terrible epidemic of cholera devastated the mean streets, and there was besides a great deal of unemployment, so that the sufferings of the people were very great. The two girls (for they were little more) went from house to house in the crowded slums, nursing the stricken children, comforting the poor mothers, and providing necessaries for the distressed households. They saw that some centre was needed for providing skilled medical attention for the mothers and children, and they gave their all for the founding of a hospital for the purpose. So the "NORTH EASTERN HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN" came into being 61 years ago. Poor mothers brought their ailing children to its doors in ever-increasing numbers, and under the loving care and sacrifice of its supporters the hospital has grown and grown until it has become one of the largest institutions of its kind.

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"Then how could he know them?"

"Oh, please don't misunderstand me. I did show them to him, but not in the sense you mean, Ripshank. What happened was this. When we arrived at Pope's Corner I just pointed, as one naturally would, to the gulley and remarked that it made a shorter way to the road, which he must be jolly careful not to take by mistake, before I went on to show him the proper way across the plough."

"Splendid fellow!" remarked Winging Ann with a grunt. "Did he tell you after the Run that he'd taken the short cuts?"

"He didn't!" said Major. "Naturally he didn't. If he had I should have made him own up at once."

"He told no one, so far as you know?"

"No, no one," said Major.

St. Pierre looked up. "Ripshank," he drawled, "I should like to ask Randall one question before you go on. Listen, Randall," he bade, as Puggie stood up. "When you and Pinion took Hendry over the course afterwards did he disclose that that wasn't the way he had gone?"

"No," muttered Puggie with a flush of confusion.

Young Hendry was on his feet. But St. Pierre raised his hand. "Presently you shall have your say, Hendry," he promised. "Well, Major? What happened next?"

"After the Run? My young cousin brought me the Cup——"

"To be engraved?" put in Ripshank, quick as a flash.

"No. I've told you already. He brought me it to lend Frute. But I was compelled to sham to Frute it was mine because I knew he was too much of a stickler, too afraid of the School, too anxious to keep in the School's good books, if you understand, to take another chap's property against my debt."

"Even though the other chap had lent it to you purposely?"

"Yes, even then. I know what Frute is. So do you."

"I see," breathed Ripshank in his tone that meant anything. "And was that your reason for lying about the furniture?"

"Yes. Directly I'd owned up to the furniture you would have dragged the rest out of me, when what about my cousin?"

Continued in the last column

JACKO THINKS SO TOO



One day Jacko heard Colonel Chimp boast that no one had ever got the better of him. 'No, sir,' he was saying, 'I'd like to meet the man who could take me in.'



Now Colonel Chimp lived next door to the Jackos, and one of his trees hung over their garden wall. Jacko got a saw and lopped off one of the branches.



He cut it up into neat little logs and packed them into a barrow. Then, dressed in Adolphus's coat and his cap pulled over his eyes, he wheeled them round next door.



'Logs!' exclaimed the Colonel. 'Splendid! Just what I want! Here's half-a-crown for you, my man. It's worth it.' 'So I think,' roared Jacko, pulling off his cap!

"I may be dense, but that wouldn't have exposed him of cheating in the Run?"

"I never said it would. I knew that it wouldn't; nor did I know myself that he'd cheated, as I've told you. That's nothing to do with me: that's part of *his* story. That's what he invented to shift the blame on to me as soon as he heard that Randall had discovered the Cup at Frute's and to play on Randall's sympathies in order to borrow the money and get back the Cup."

"But he intended to hand it over to Randall!"

"So he says. But you have only his word for it?"

"Yes," Ripshank conceded, "that is so. But all this doesn't make it any easier for me to understand how your confession about the furniture would have implicated your cousin at all!"

"I never said implicate, I said get into trouble. Isn't it obvious that once you'd found out who the practical joker was you wouldn't have rested till you had dragged out of him *how* he was keeping Frute quiet. That would have brought my young cousin into the picture and so got him into trouble for winning a trophy and pawning it—to use the plain word—in the town! A new boy doing that! Whoever heard of such a thing!"

"Who!" echoed Ripshank in his former dry tone. "Still, I admit that there's something in your reasoning, Major."

"Oh, a great deal," St. Pierre yawned, like a man who has listened to enough.

Then Winging Ann leaned forward. "All right," he growled at Major. "Now you can answer this. If it's true that your cousin deliberately cheated in the Run whatever made him impose that—er—vow on himself against other prizes?"

"His conscience," said Major.

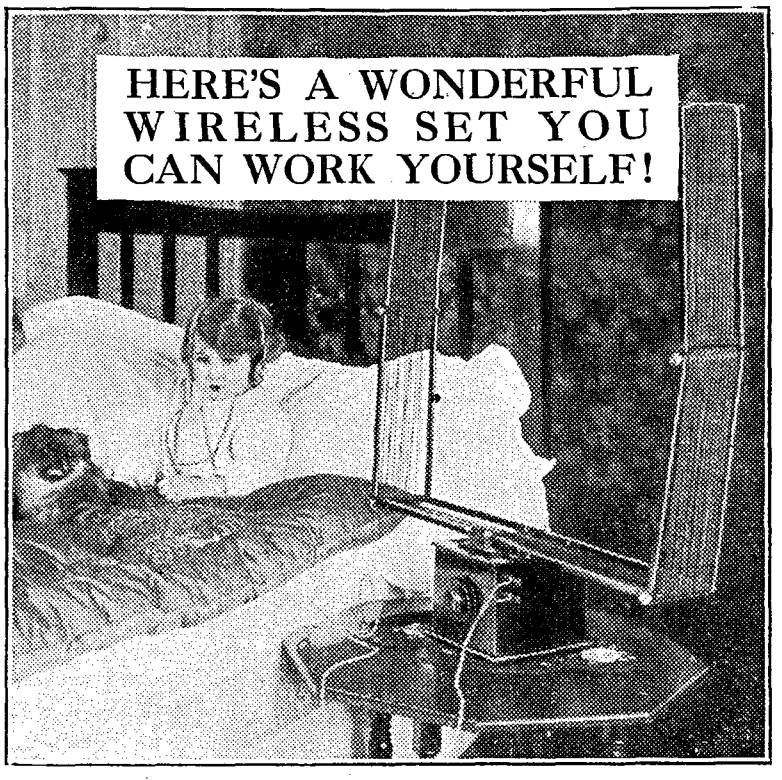
"Bah! That isn't consistent!"

"Oh yes, it is," replied Major without resentment. "My cousin isn't a general cheat; he's not built that way. I admit that in his anxiety to recover my four pounds for me he yielded to the temptation to cheat in the Run. But afterwards, or so at least it seems to me, his conscience pricked him and drove him into that vow."

"I see," drawled Ripshank. "I see. Any more to say, Major? That all?"

"Yes," he replied, without any emotion, "that's all."

TO BE CONTINUED



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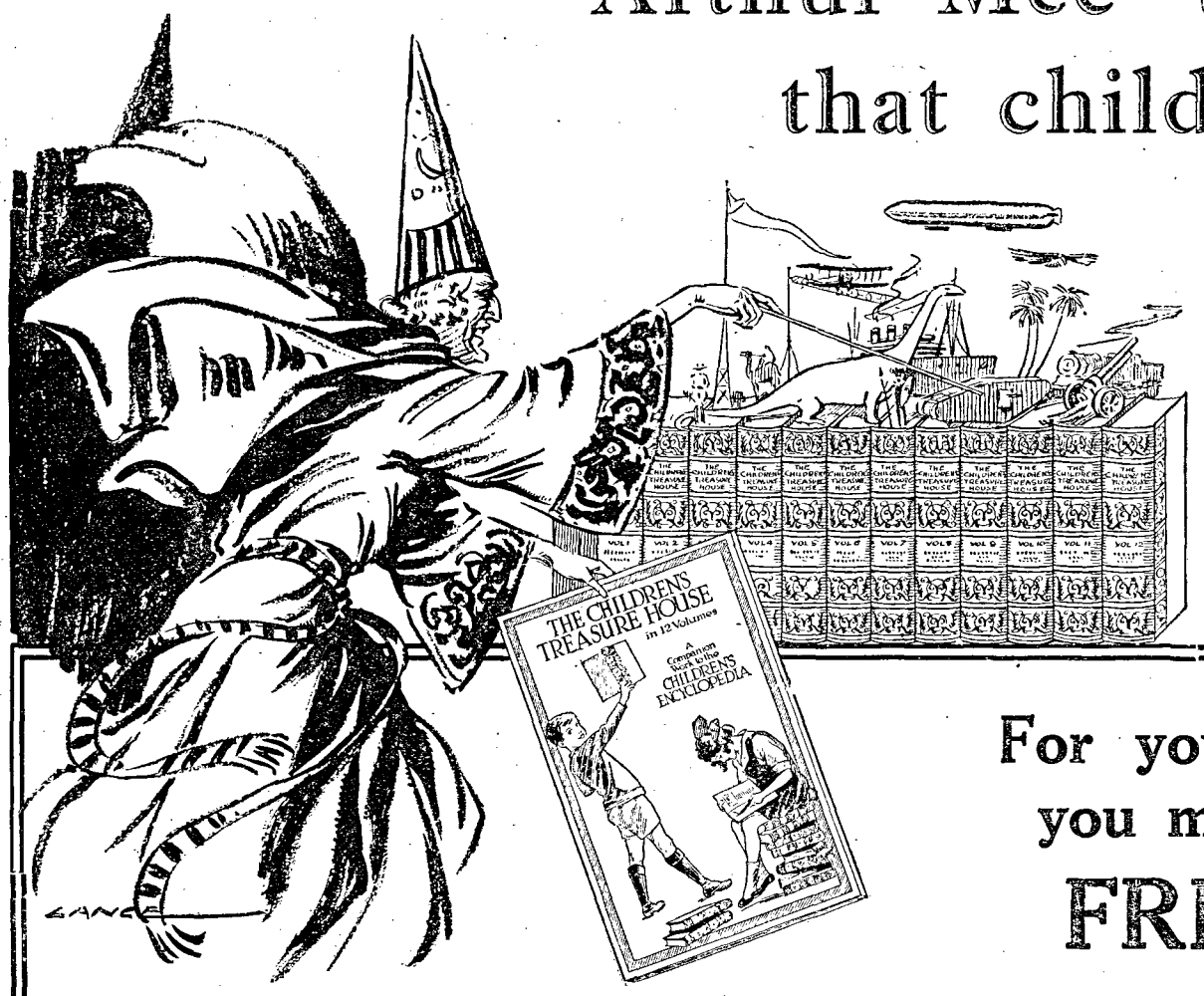
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 2, 1929 — Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

A Walking Problem

JACK can walk at a speed of four miles an hour. One day he saw his friend George 220 yards in front of him. Without running he overtook him in fifteen minutes.

At what speed was George walking? *Answer next week*

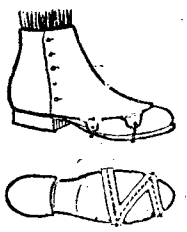
Is Your Name Maund?

MAUND is an old word for a large basket, and people bearing this name today no doubt had an ancestor who had something to do with a basket. Possibly he carried, or had charge of, the alms basket in olden times, and so the word became attached to his name.

Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents illustrated here.

Non-Slip Chains for Boots. Here is a new kind of spat intended to be worn in countries where the winters are hard and the roads frost-bound and slippery. To prevent slipping, chains which grip the ice pass under the sole of the boot and are attached to the spats. In order to prevent discomfort to the wearer there are strips of metal, fibre, or india rubber between the chain and the boot.



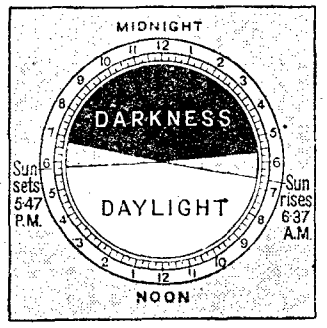
Ici On Parle Français



Le tigre — La torche — Le crapaud

Les tigres sont les rois de la jungle.
Les torches servent à nous éclairer.
Le pauvre crapaud s'ennuie seul.

Day and Night Chart

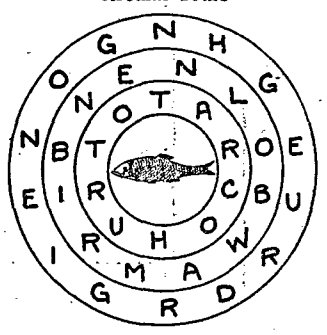


Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

ROOKS are now building their nests. Flocks of wild geese are flying northward. The stock dove's note is heard. House pigeons hatch out. The ladybird appears. The whirligig and dor beetles are seen. Broods of coleopterous insects are now on the wing. Marsh marigold, mistletoe, white dead-nettle, sweet violet, and common whitlow-grass are in flower.

Circular Tours



START at one letter in the outer circle and using alternate letters make the name of a fish. Start at another letter and make another fish. Proceed in the same way in the two other circles and make the names of two fishes in each case. *Answer next week*

What Shakespeare Meant

IN Henry VI we find "A puissant and a mighty power of gallow-glasses." A gallowglass was a heavy-armed Irish foot soldier.

"Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?" we read in Hamlet. Eisel is an old Anglo-Saxon word meaning vinegar.

"Her hedges even pleached, put forth disordered twigs," occurs in Henry V. Pleached is an old word which means intertwined or interwoven.

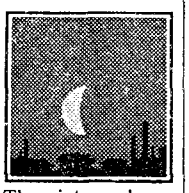
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns. The five weeks up to February 2, 1929, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1929	1928	1929	1928
London ..	7411	7753	8296	6469
Glasgow ..	2350	2300	4063	2934
Dublin ..	1069	979	847	784
Leeds ..	747	756	810	663
Edinburgh	718	728	808	745
Bristol ..	580	670	575	636
Newcastle	573	584	427	451
Swansea ..	296	280	231	215
Preston ..	143	160	157	189
Exeter ..	118	97	107	101
Lincoln ..	112	93	109	90
Chester ..	71	79	76	42

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Jupiter, and Uranus are in the South-West, Mars is in the South, and Neptune South-East. In the morning Saturn is in the South-East and Mercury is in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on March 6.



A Puzzle in Rhyme

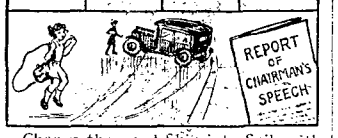
I'm seen in rags, yet in riches I dwell;
In poverty I'm also known as well.
Although the royal throne I always grace,
In the palace I cannot find a place.

In every colour I am found by you,
And yet, forsooth, I am not found in blue.
I do attend you whensoe'er you ride,
But if you walk I always quit your side.

In running, too, I much think you'll find
I ever go before and not behind.
My mystic clothing, come now, cast away,
And if you're able, pray, my meaning say. *Answer next week*

Changeling

S	H	I	P
S	A	I	L



Change the word Ship into Sail, with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. *Answer next week*

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Cross Word Puzzle

P	L	A	N	T	S	■	W	R	E	N	■	T	E	
R	A	T	I	O	■	L	O	I	T	E	R	E	R	
A	G	O	G	■	A	E	R	O	■	G	E	A	R	
Y	■	P	H	Y	T	O	N	■	B	O	E	R	S	
■	P	■	T	E	E	■	■	E	A	T	■	S	■	
T	E	A	M	S	■	M	O	S	A	I	C	■	L	
A	R	I	A	■	D	A	Z	E	■	A	L	O	E	
B	A	R	R	A	C	K	S	■	S	T	A	R	S	
U	K	■	E	S	M	E	■	T	R	E	N	D	S	

A Charade. Non-plus

A Thing That is Past. Yesterday

An Enigma. Eyes

Dr MERRYMAN

A First-Class Family

THE favourite uncle had arrived.

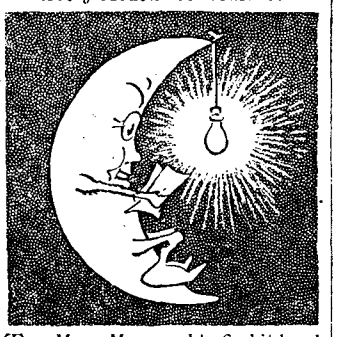
"Hello, children!" he cried. "And how are you getting on at school?"

"I'm first in spelling," said eight-year-old Marjorie.

"And I'm first in algebra," said twelve-year-old John.

"And I'm first out when lessons are done," said Peter.

Every Modern Convenience



THE Moon Man used to find it hard
To read, for he's weak-sighted,
So (as above) he's had himself
Electrically lighted!

The Flight of Time

SMALL John was having his first ride in a train and was very much impressed, particularly when the train dived into the darkness of a tunnel. He sat spellbound, and when they came out into the light again just gasped: "Why, it's tomorrow!"

Silence, Please

THE diner was struggling manfully.

"I say, waiter," he called.

"Sir?" queried the waiter.

The diner hesitated. "I believe it's very bad form to speak slightingly of one's elders," he said.

"That is so, sir."

"Then perhaps we had better be silent about this chicken."

Pushing Him Out

AN old Whale shook his head, and said he,
"Coral polyps mean danger to me.
They build islands so fast
That it's plain that at last
There won't be any room for the sea!"

His Daily Journey

THE bore had been talking almost without a stop for a quarter of an hour.

"Ever been round the world?" he asked.

"No," replied his more or less patient listener, "but I've often been round with it."

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THERE were once some stairs which wound in a long, steep flight from a basement to the top floor of a tall house.

About half-way up a piece of the carpet which covered these stairs had come unfastened. It was where the stairs turned corners, so that parts of this carpet were folded and nailed. On this lend was a thick flap of carpet sticking out in which people could easily catch their feet if they did not walk past very warily.

It was very dangerous. But no one did anything about it. The house, which was divided into flats, belonged to the lady living on the first floor. When she noticed the loose end she wondered why the gentleman whose door was just above it did not hammer some nails in.

"Some day he will trip over it, and wish that he had done so," she said.

The gentleman in question, whose name was Mr. Paul, wondered why the landlady did not have the carpet nailed down properly.

"It will be the death of me one of these days," he said, though quite amiably.

The lady who lived on the ground floor, and who went sometimes to visit friends at the very top of the house, couldn't think why her friends didn't nail that bit of carpet just above Mr. Paul's room.

"You will catch your foot in it one day," she said.

The friend to whom she said this answered that the maid who carried china and things like that up and down the stairs should have seen to it long ago.

The maid said that the charwoman who cleaned the stairs should have put it right.

"Depend upon it, someone will fall over it," the maid remarked.

The charwoman said she was there to clean, not to do anything else.

They were all quite good-tempered about it. And then one day the carpet lost another nail.

The day after the piano tuner caught his boot in it, fell, sprained his wrist, and ripped off three more nails.

Seeing that he had made matters worse he opened his bag, in which were a small hammer and some tin tacks, and there and then he set to work and tacked the carpet neatly and firmly down again. He had only one able hand to use, but he managed it.

He went away and called to see the doctor about his wrist, sending in the doctor's bill, and his own, because for a time he could not work, to the people of the tall house.

But the question arose: Who was to pay it? Whose fault had it been? As they couldn't agree, at last they all clubbed together and paid the piano tuner's bills, though each thought he was being wronged in having been asked to pay anything.

The unfortunate piano tuner had a pain in his wrist for quite a long time.

SOMEBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS

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